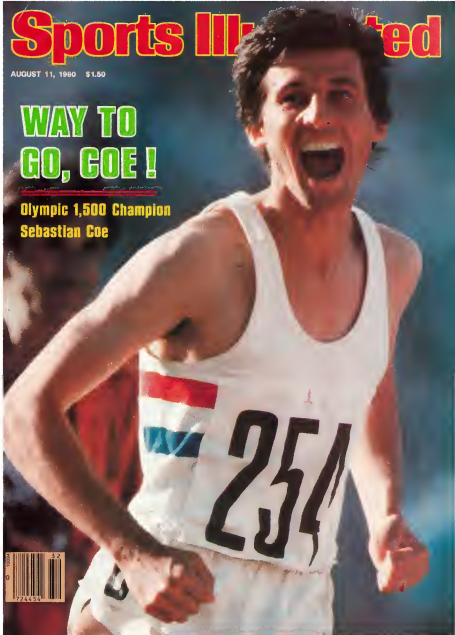


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



UNSHY IN THE PITS, ON THE KEYS, AT RINGSIDE

When Senior Reporter Paula Phelps was a child in Pittsburgh, she had a friend named Chuck Zivic, whose father, Fritz, had been welterweight boxing champion of the world. After Zivic's victories, he and Chuck would be driven around town in an open convertible—and Paula would be beside them, or, rather, on the floor beside them.

Paula was a bit shy then, but she's changed. Last week, for example, she sat ringside at the Pipino Cuevas-Thomas Hearn title fight in Detroit (page 46), completely at home amid the crowd and the glitter.

Phelps, who was just 10 when she began attending fights with her father, came to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1963, three years after she had met the most interesting boxer of her generation, a young man named Cassius Clay. She was at the Kentucky State Fair in Louisville and Clay was telling the crowd how great he was, how he would win a gold medal at the 1960 Olympics and become world champion.

Paula's brother Tony told her, "That guy's going to be someone."

Those Phelps always did know boxing.

In 1965, after Clay (by then known as Muhammad Ali) had defended the heavyweight title with a one-round knockout of Sonny Liston, Phelps went to interview Liston at his home in Denver, and suddenly found herself the recipient of his famous glare. Phelps was terrified. But then they started talk-

ing, and, she says, "He was a pussycat."

Phelps became our regular boxing reporter soon after that. She has met most of the great fighters of the last decade and has sat ringside at more than 200 title fights, including the three in Detroit Saturday night. She also is our specialist in motor sports, as at home in the pits at Indy as she is at ringside.

But even now there are times when it all seems strange to her. She is a lover of the ballet and has an M.A. in English

literature from the University of Pittsburgh. When Phelps finished school, what she really wanted to do was write poetry. But a friend arranged an interview with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's chief of reporters at the time, Honor Fitzpatrick, and as Phelps recalls, "I didn't have anything to do that day and I was broke, so I went."

It seemed a strange combination, Phelps and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. She had spent 16 years studying classical piano. But there were sporting and competitive undertones.

Phelps was a good high school basketball player, a 5' 2" forward. They called her Pee Wee. During breaks from undergraduate studies at the University of Edinburgh, she rumbled around Europe and North Africa on a motorcycle. Moreover, Phelps has had a lifetime romance with flying; she had her first ride, in a single-engine Cessna, when she was seven, and she got her private pilot's license in 1969. In that same year Paula flew a light plane around the perimeter of the continental U.S. and Alaska.

Three weeks ago Phelps researched the story on ultralight airplanes that appeared in our July 21 issue, but she never did get to pilot one of the ultralights. Seems of "Pee Wee couldn't reach the foot bar."

Philip D. Howard



Andrew Jackson entertains Martin Van Buren.

Andrew Jackson, "Hero of the Plain People," enjoyed the simpler pleasures of life.

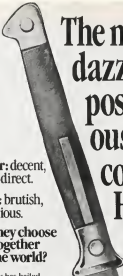
To friends, like Martin Van Buren, he displayed his personal liquor chest. Jackson's decided preference for Old Crow is reported in a 19th-century newspaper.

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A HIP GUIDE TO THE HOT SPOTS AND THE HOTSHOTS OF PICKUP BASKETBALL

I had a lot of fun with *The In-Your-Face Basketball Book* by Chuck Wielgus Jr. and Alexander Wolff (Everest House, hard-cover \$11.95, paperback \$7.95), an oversized book celebrating the joys of pickup basketball. Because the authors are white, I'd doubted that they could write about what is essentially a black game without fawning or posturing. They conquered my doubts.

Sure, they get cute every once in a while, and now and again they indulge in a bit of ersatz soul-brothering, but on the whole they've put together a straightforward, entertaining and informative guide to the "vernacular, conventions, rituals, folk heroes and pecking order" of playground basketball. If they've left anything out, I'm unaware of it.

Their underlying assumption is that what people who play pickup basketball are looking for is "face." In their lexicon of "Asphalt Argot," they define face as follows: "That intangible at stake in first-rate playground encounters that makes even single plays memorable. When face is at stake, you can do only one of two things: save it or lose it."

For those in search of face, the authors have assembled voluminous advice that is fun to read and presumably could be followed to good effect. They describe the various schoolyard games, from One-on-One through Five-on-Five, H-O-R-S-E and such arcane as Seven-Up and Scuttlebutt. They tell you how to pick a team; "Go for speed" is their first rule, and "Avoid champs" their last. They tell you what to wear ("black socks simply won't do"), and how to behave.

In that regard, their comments are especially trenchant. To whites hoping to join blacks at play they counsel, "Don't bandy funky phrases about.... Offering an unsolicited explanation on how you believe affirmative action is necessary to achieve a truly integrated society won't help you either." And to "the only black on a white playground" they offer this warning, "Whites, once universally flattered by a black player in their midst and almost childlike in their desire to soak up some of the Afro-American karma, are becoming more assertive."

Other pleasures: thumbnail sketches of a dozen playground greats; some good photos; and an eclectic coast-to-coast selection of playgrounds where the action is hot. Even for those of us who get our basketball strictly off the TV set, *The In-Your-Face Basketball Book* is a delight.

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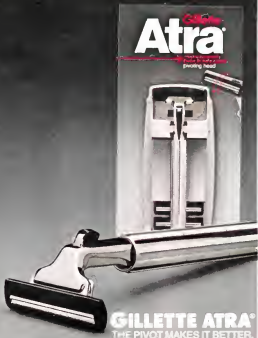
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SCORECARD

Edited by JIM KAPLAN

THE RICHARD CASE

Houston Pitcher J.R. Richard collapsed during a workout last week and underwent emergency surgery for removal of a blood clot in his neck. Though the operation was deemed a success, Richard's left side was weakened, suggesting that he had suffered a stroke. He probably won't pitch again this season and his career may be over.

There are puzzling aspects to the Richard case. Until his collapse, many Astro observers doubted he was sick at all—except possibly in the head. When baseball players have unusual personalities, psychological problems or, as in Richard's case, injuries that can't be easily diagnosed, the tendency is to pass them off as "head cases" and take no action.

It's an unfortunate tendency at best. In 1977 a Milwaukee outfielder named Danny Thomas was obviously suffering from depression. At one point he swallowed several muscle relaxants, thinking wrongly that they were sleeping pills. Because Thomas belonged to a fundamentalist church and refused to play ball from Friday evening through Saturday, teammates merely laughed at him and called him "The Sundown Kid." Two months ago, in jail in Mobile on a rape charge after dropping out of baseball, Thomas hanged himself in his cell. In July, Giant First Baseman Mike Ivey returned from a brief retirement. Though Ivey had a history of personal problems, teammates whispered that he had better "produce." Particularly sensitive to such slights are high-valued blacks—Richard, for instance, earns \$800,000 a year—who are generally reluctant to complain for fear they will immediately be typecast as malingerers.

Richard, however, did complain, and in such fashion as to arouse considerable hostility among some of his teammates. He removed himself from many of his 17 starts, using explanations that ranged from a tired arm to an upset stomach. How tired could his arm really be, observers wondered, if he had a 10-4 re-

cord and a 1.89 earned-run average? After taking himself out of a game on July 14 because of a stomach problem, Richard consumed a large meal in the clubhouse. On another occasion, claiming his arm was dead, Richard visited orthopedic surgeon Frank Jobe in Los Angeles and reported that Jobe asked him to take a month off, which wasn't true. Before collapsing last week, Richard was cleared for action following a week of tests at a hospital.

But Richard is a complicated man, and there is doubt as to how seriously the Astros attempted to understand him. Two weeks before the operation, team doctor Harold Brelsford suggested that J.R. "cut down on his social life." Some observers of Richard's vague behavior insinuated that he was a drug addict. And few reporters bothered to interview Richard's buddy, Infielder Enos Cabell—until after the operation.

"Jay can be arrogant, loving, hateful and mean," says Cabell. "The next minute he can be happy and buying everyone food. He has so many personalities. If you could talk to him, really get down with him, you could learn a whole lot about him. Nobody tried."

HELPLESS

It wasn't enough that Jacksonville's Jay Birmingham set a world record last week by completing his run from Los Angeles to New York—a distance of 2,930 miles—in 71 days, 22 hours and 59 minutes. To set the record he was required to do it without a support crew.

But never having traversed the wilds of Brooklyn, Birmingham decided to accept some minor assistance as he neared the finish. The New York Road Runners Club arranged to have the lower level of the Verrazano Bridge closed, and *The Runner* magazine helped him map out the easiest route through Brooklyn.

Birmingham, a 35-year-old high school track coach, thought the directions were intended for him alone; he didn't realize that the route also was giv-

en to representatives of the news media. Later, a New York City cop suggested a different route, and Birmingham took him up on it. "I undershot the spot where I was supposed to turn," he said, "and zigzagged a bit to the Brooklyn Bridge."

Left standing on the corner of Flatbush and Fourth, the official directions in mind, was a hometown television announcer who had just flown in from Jacksonville.

HOW TO WIN AT CHESS

Viktor Korchnoi is again the talk of the chess world. You remember Viktor, the volatile Soviet defector who astounded experts by nearly upsetting Anatoly Karpov in the 1978 world championships in the Philippines. Well, last week, having whipped former world champion Tigran Petrosian in the quarters, Korchnoi was holding his own—3½-3½ after seven games of a 12-game match—against highly regarded Lev Polugayevsky in the semifinal Candidates Match for the next world championships. "Korchnoi has lost none of his profound touch," wrote



Robert Byrne in *The New York Times*.

That the 49-year-old Korchnoi could remain at the top of his game is testimony to a little-appreciated but critical aspect of chess—the physical side. Normally, even expert players begin to decline in their 40s because they lose the stamina required to concentrate throughout five-hour matches. Korchnoi stayed close to Karpov in part because he had followed a rigorous conditioning program. And according to reports from

continued



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Buenos Aires, where he is playing Polugayevsky, Viktor the Terrible is ex-hausting his young aides with 14-hour days of chess, analysis, jogging and calisthenics.

The idea that "games" are purely mental is every bit as wrong as the notion that "sports" are entirely physical. "It's not a question of game or sport but degree of sport," said Shelby Lyman, the noted chess author and commentator. "Karpov has written that you must be in excellent physical condition to win at chess. It has been found that at peak moments, the heart and pulse rates are as high as in much more rigorous sports. That's because chess involves a tremendous expenditure of energy. It's a struggle par excellence: two organisms straining against each other, taxing the mind and body to the extreme. The physical side can't be overemphasized."

If chess players stay sharp by exercising, doesn't it follow that athletes could benefit from chess? Lyman finds this increasingly true. At a chess clinic last spring, Tom Marshall, an assistant football coach at C.W. Post, told Lyman that many of his players enjoyed chess. "After playing as tough a game as football, they found it relaxing," said Marshall, now a backfield coach at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. "It's also useful training, especially for players in the defensive secondary, who have to think ahead."

HE'S A HIT UP THE MIDDLE

The *Buffalo News'* Mitt Northrop wrote a column the other day chronicling the college baseball career of George Bush, who was the first baseman and captain of a strong 1948 Yale team. Northrop said it was probably inevitable that a Yale man who batted right-handed but threw lefty should wind up as a middle-of-the-road Republican. He also deemed it significant that Ronald Reagan's No. 2 choice for the No. 2 spot on the G.O.P. ticket wore No. 2 as an Eli bullplayer.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS...

In the fifth inning of a baseball game in the predominantly male West Orange (N.J.) summer recreation league, 11-year-old Claudia Minish singled to right and, thanks to a couple of misplays by the opposing team, made it all the way to third.

"You're so lousy you let a girl get a hit off you," the shortstop yelled to the

pitcher. The pitcher yelled back. Their tempers growing as hot as the temperature, which was 101°, the two boys were soon wrestling on the ground. Intervening, the umpire promptly ejected the combatants, whose team consequently forfeited the contest to Claudia's.

The game established Claudia as a heroine and inspiration—by winning, her team reached .500 for the first time all season. The opposing players will long remember the game, too—not because they let a crummy girl get a hit off them, but because they lost the game by refusing to act like, well, gentlemen.

AND BEASTS WILL BE BEASTS

In an annual rite at the University of Georgia, the football players celebrate the end of spring practice by holding something called the Seagraves Initiation. Usually the seniors take the freshmen to nearby Seagraves farm, force them to drink warm beer until they vomit and then make them strip and wallow in the mud. In 1969 the seniors took all the initiates' clothes back to Athens, obliging the tired, sick, muddy and naked players to take a long and embarrassing walk home. That's how the Bulldogs practice character building.

This year the ceremony had a new twist. The seniors in charge stole a 400-pound sow from the university's Swine Research Center and did away with the old girl, Center Hugh Nall performing the sacrifice with his bow and arrow. Then they dressed the animal and hung her on a gate at Seagraves. On arrival, the initiates were required to kiss "Miss Piggy" on the snout.

"The seniors made us strip," said Quarterback John Lastinger, "and they stuck funnels in our mouths and made us drink warm beer till we puked. Then they threw the bottles in the lake and we had to swim after them." When the party broke up, some of the freshmen were put to work loading the pig onto a pickup truck and dumping the carcass in a parking lot outside a school residence hall. "There was a boy and girl standing close by," Lastinger said. "The pig rolled right up to her. I thought she would die."

After a campus police investigation, head coach and athletic director Vince Dooley levied penalties. Five seniors—All-SEC Defensive Back Scott Woerner, Frank Ross, Chris Welton, Nat Hudson and Nall—were required to attend summer school and work three hours a day

for the university grounds crew, and the team collected \$125 to pay for the price of the animal.

Fair enough. But Dooley's words were considerably more equivocal than his actions. "I don't approve of Seagraves," he said, "because of the danger of it. If you could go to a point and stop, it would be O.K. But it's a Georgia tradition, and at times nothing will come of it."

OVERTAKING ROGER


Earlier this season the New York *Daily News* began a daily comparison between home runs by the light-hitting 1980 Mets as a team and those amassed by Roger Maris in 1961, the year he wound up with his record 61. The *News* piously made the point that for quite a while there the Mets were running behind Maris' historic pace. But the New Yorkers have surged lately, and at week's end, after 102 games, had pulled ahead of Maris, 43 to 40. A *News* editor conceded that if the Mets moved too far ahead, the comparison might be quietly dropped.

The *News'* dilemma was similar to one faced at roughly this point in the 1978 season by Boston's *Herald American*. The Red Sox were leading the American League East by 10 games, and the newspaper began running the daily "magic number" of combined Boston wins and opponents' losses that would clinch the title. But when the Red Sox collapsed—that was the year the onrushing Yankees, once 14½ games back, ended up beating them in a divisional playoff—the feature was ignominiously discontinued. The Mets would dearly love to see the *News'* feature suffer the same fate but are only too aware that in 1961 Maris enjoyed a torrid midsummer streak. Which explains why Third Baseman Elliott Maddox recently was overheard telling his teammates, "Gentlemen, we are putting a lot of pressure on Roger Maris now that we are ahead of him, but we can't let up."

THEY SAID IT

- Leon Wadell, Belgian technical official, in response to criticism from Soviet Basketball Coach Aleksandr Gomeisky at the Olympics: "Mr. Gomeisky can say what he wants. It's a free country."


- Reggie Smith, Dodger outfielder, after striking out on a Nolan Ryan fastball: "If I'm going to be struck out, that's the way to go. It may sound strange, but I actually enjoyed that. It was like a surgeon's knife—quick and painless."



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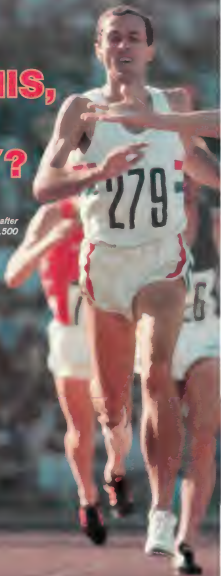
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 11, 1989

HOW'S THIS, MRS. MULLORY?

Sebastian Coe, recipient of a cabled reproach after the 800, outkicked Steve Ovett (279) in the 1,500

by KENNY MOORE





CONTINUED



Having clinched the gold medal, and spurred on by the years of the pro-Russian crowd, Władysław Kozakiewicz of Poland cleared the world-record height of 18' 11½" with an American-made pole

The nine 1,500-meter finalists were led single file, slowly, formally, from the tunnel where they had left their sweat suits, to the start. Steve Ovett of Great Britain, the Olympic 800-meter champion, walked pigeon-toed; he is a picture of fluid strength only in flight. His countryman, Sebastian Coe, who shares the 1,500-meter world record (3:32.1) with Ovett but had never raced him at the distance until this moment, walked calmly

to his place in Lane 6, then trotted a little circle behind the other finalists. He was the last to be steady on the line. Then the gun set them running.

Slowly, Coe went carefully to the head of the pack, but didn't cut to the inside. East Germany's Jürgen Straub moved up along the rail, and the two of them led through the first lap in 61.6. Ovett ran on the outside in sixth, a meter or two behind. Their faces, and those of the rest



has ever been run, because as he coasted to a stop he happily drew the letters I L Y in the air for the TV cameras, a tender message for his girl friend, Rachel Waller, in Maidstone.

Coe's semifinal went smoothly until the last turn, where he permitted himself to be boxed by a rush of men. He had to drop to fifth and sprint around them, which he did impressively to win in 3.39.4, but it was a scare. "A blinding error," he said. "If that happens in the final it will be a disaster."

The incident provided more ammunition for those who believed Coe too nice a guy to win. Much of the British press, while lauding Coe's

gentlemanly qualities, felt him hindered by them. "Coe is the man you'd want to dinner or your daughter to marry," said one reporter. "Ovett is the man you want on your side in a fight."

That sentiment was hardly to the taste of Peter Coe. Sebastian's coach and father "What has happened to our world when you can't be tough and nice?" he asked acridly. "That logic is a slander on all champions. Are Nicklaus and Watson somehow not decent blokes because they make crucial puts under pressure?"

If Ovett had an advantage it was not in character but in experience. Since May of 1977 he had won 45 straight 1,500-meter or mile races, including a World Cup and European Championship, almost all with an overpowering finish over the final 200 to 250 meters. Coe in that time had concentrated on the 800. The Olympic final was only his eighth 1,500 in four years.

Yet, though Ovett was quoted in the London Daily Express as saying the 800 win made him feel capable of breaking the 1,500 world record by as much as four seconds, Coe and his father put to-

gether a plan similar to that which they had tried in the 800. "Looking at the video of the eight," said Sebastian, "the only thing that was O.K. was my finish."

The problem was in securing a good place to kick from. "We received a marvelous cable from England," said Peter. "It read: GET YOUR FINGER OUT, COE. I'VE GOT MONEY ON YOU, and was signed by a Mrs. Mullory, whoever she is. Well, the plan was Mrs. Mullory's instructions put plan: stay out of trouble and sprint home from the turn."

As the finalists neared 800 meters, Straub was on the pole, with Coe on his shoulder. Ovett moved to Coe's shoulder, forming a wing of poised athletes. Peter Coe was pleased. "Seb was up, in

continued

Kozakiewicz responded in kind to the spectators



of the finalists, showed alertness but no irritation at the gentle pace. They had expected nothing more. In the 1976 Olympic 1,500 the first lap had been a sluggish 62.5; in 1972 it had been 61.4. Here in Moscow, with Tanzania's front-running Filbert Bayi having chosen the steeplechase (in which he had finished second to Poland's Bronislaw Malinowski) over the 1,500, no miler felt that leading would help his cause one bit.

So they waited, and slowed even more. Some grew nervous, telling themselves to stay balanced, to smooth out. Coe would later acknowledge that there was more pressure on him than in any other race of his life, but his sensation in this early stage was of clear resolve. "Losing the 800 was a terrible disappointment," he said. "If I hadn't had the 1,500 coming up, I'd have been tortured with recriminations. But the 1,500 was there. There was no choice. I had to make myself ready for it."

Both men had sailed through the preliminaries, Ovett winning his first-round heat in 3:36.8, appearing to do so as easily as that time—equal to a 3:54 mile—



continued

a controlling position. I felt a fair race was on."

And then, a wondrous gift. As the field passed 800 in a restrained 2:04.9, Straub accelerated. Coe ducked in behind him and Ovett kept a close third as the bunched pack suddenly became a single line of men working very hard. "When Jørgen nailed his sail to the mast with 700 to go, it let me do what I do best," said Coe. "I found a rhythm, a lane of my own."

They had run the previous 300 meters in 47 seconds. Straub led them through the next in 40. In the stands, Peter Coe was ecstatic. "No one in the world can sustain that speed as Seb can. And to have Straub apply it for him..." The 1,200-meter time was 2:59.1. Straub had run the next to last lap in 54.2. "It didn't look that fast because Seb and Steve are the supreme stylists," said the elder Coe.

With 300 to run, knowing eyes turned to Ovett. When would he kick? Two-fifty passed... 200, but there were no moves, only Straub's ever-increasing pressure. "The pace was such that it took the sting out of all of us," said Sebastian later.

In the last turn Straub faltered slightly. Coe went wide and passed him, and as the three leaders swept into the stretch, Ovett was right where he wanted to be, off Coe's shoulder. For an instant there was a predator's gleam in his eye as he called upon his kick. Ovett came nearly even with Straub. And there he stayed as Coe sprinted beautifully ahead. As he passed the victory stand with 50 meters to go, it was clear Coe would win. Ovett strained in desperation, lost his form and was third behind the ferocious Straub.

Coe's last 800 was 1:48.5, far more impressive than his final time of 3:38.4, but he cared about none of that. As he crossed the line he showed a joy these Games had not yet seen. Coe went to his knees in an exaggerated gesture of thanksgiving, touching his forehead to the track. Then he was up on a victory lap, dodging a guard who was there to prevent such frivolity, his face as open as a child's in its array of emotions.



Gerd Wiesig had never high-jumped about 7' 6 1/2", but in Moscow he cleared 7' 7 1/2" for the gold.

Clearly, Coe's earlier calm had shielded tremendous strain. "I was surprised by the strength of my reaction," he would say a day later. "When I watched that display on the replay it was a bit embarrassing. But it was such a bloody marvelous relief."

Ovett smiled and waved during the medal ceremony, but afterward in the tunnel, appeared grim. "I was so high after the 800 that I couldn't get up again," he said. Later, explaining his practice of shunning the British press, he said, "They'll never leave me alone no matter what I do. They're like a wolf pack attacking."

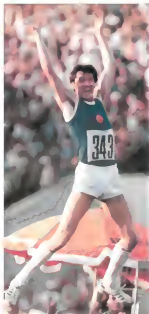
This isn't a new Olympic theme, this pressure so great that victory is experienced as deliverance, this fascination so intense that good men feel hounded by the agents of the curious. It has happened before, but in Moscow the weight of the Olympics seemed to press further than ever into the ideals of the Games.

Take, for example, the pole vault. It practically guaranteed magnificent competition because this season European

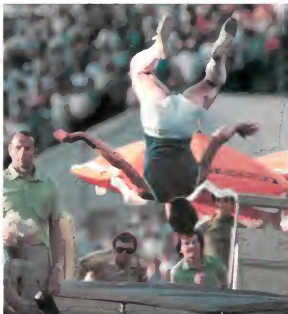
vaulters have gone wild. Four months ago the world record stood at 18' 8 3/4", set by Dave Roberts in 1976. In May, Poland's Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz did 18' 9 1/4". In June, France's Thierry Vigneron made 18' 10 1/4", and in July, France's Philippe Houvion had cleared 18' 11". In Moscow six men broke the Olympic record of 18' 1 1/2" before things got serious. Clumps of French and Polish fans waved their flags as their champions soared higher and higher, the Poles chanting, "Polska, Polska," as Kozakiewicz made 18' 6 1/2" easily. That was drowned in a great Russian roar as Konstantin Volkov of the Soviet Union cleared as well.

As Houvion prepared to vault, the Lenin Stadium crowd rained down derisive whistles, caring more, it seemed, for national supremacy than individual performance. Rattled, Houvion balked in the middle of the run-in, ramming the pole into the box for a deliberate miss.

"Ladies and gentlemen, silence please," warned the public address announcer in three languages. To no effect.



He celebrated with a rapturous standing high jump



Then the 21-year-old East German followed up by flipping out in a manner Nadia would love



Amid more whistles, Houvion cleared, as did defending champion Tadeusz Susarski of Poland.

The bar went to 18' 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". To the shock of the Russians and delight of the Poles, Kozakiewicz lifted himself cleanly over. He was the only vaulter using a Fiber-sport pole, made by Bruce Caldwell of Kansas City.

Now the punk-cheeked Volkov, the indoor record holder, got whistles from the Polish blocs scattered in the crowd. He missed. Again more pleas for quiet. Then Houvion was up. Everybody, Poles and Russians, whistled, and he missed. As the pandemonium increased, so did the misses. When Susarski went out, Soviet spectators near the pit yelled, "Bravo!"

Then Volkov passed his last try at 18' 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", and the bar went to 18' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". "I only had one good one left in me," he explained later, "and I wanted to win." But the unflappable Kozakiewicz, up

continued

Wesley Reed leaped a world record 7' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " before his exuberant acrobatics came to a crashing halt



continued

first, made this height, too, through a blizzard of jeers, and as he bounded from the pit he presented the non-Polish majority of the crowd with a forceful gesture of deep personal insult.

Volkov sat on a bench snuffing smelling salts, then had his final try, a close miss, and pounded the pit in frustration. Kozakiewicz went on to make 18' 11½", the first time in 60 years that a world record was set in the Olympic pole vault. And his second of three misses at 19' 1¼" would have cleared 19 feet.

"Yes, the whistling hurt our performance," Kozakiewicz said. "All of us wish to win. But not at any price."

The rest of the Olympic jumps were



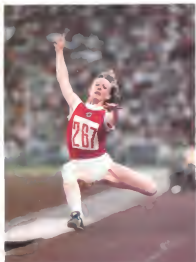
Yifter left Vran behind as he won the 10,000

not quite as fanatically followed, but all were of remarkable quality. In the men's long jump, Lutz Dombrowski, a candid, offhand East German who prefers the triple jump, became the first human to achieve a 28-footer, with 28' ¼", 12 years after Bob Beamon's 29' 2½" in Mexico City. "Beamon's record isn't eternal," said Dombrowski, "but I don't think I'll ever break it."

In that vein, when East Germany's Gerd Wessig won the men's high jump with a world-record 7' 8¼", he said, "It is absolutely crazy to jump such a height," and everybody believed him because he'd been acting a little wacky all day. A 21-year-old cook, Wessig had a previous best of 7' 6½", and with each clearance above that he flung himself about like a dervish. After his record jump he bounced out of the pit headfirst in disbelief, crumpling on the takeoff apron, and officials and opponents rushed to him, not for congratulations but to see if he'd broken his neck.



Five days later, Yifter fought his way through traffic to win the 5,000—and became the third runner in the last three Olympics to score a 5-10 double



Soviet long jumper Kolpakova triumphed with a Games record 23' 2"



GDR long jumper Dombrowski is the second man to better 28 feet

By contrast, the U.S.S.R.'s defending champion, Yuri Sedykh, was serene in the hammer throw, lofting four of his six throws beyond the world record, his best being 268' 4 1/2."

The final track and field world record was set by the East German women's 400-meter relay team, which passed the baton atrociously but burned the ground in between to finish in 41.60.

The two 1,600-meter relays were occasions for that other consequence of Olympic pressure, the urge to cheat. Unlike swimming, track rules require the makeup of a relay team to stay the same through heats and finals. The only reason for substitution is authenticated illness or injury. To give their best runners an extra day of rest, the Soviets entered the heats with teams different from those that would appear in the finals. The result was Soviet wins over East Germany: 3:20.2 to 3:20.4 for the women, as fresh Irina Nazarova held off open 400 champion Maria Koch, and 3:01.1 to 3:01.3 for the men, as fresh Viktor Markin, the

400 champion, withstood 400-meter hurdle champion Volker Beck. The question the Soviets weren't answering was why these runners weren't on the original teams, saying only that no rules had been violated. "Yes, we have the Soviet medical certificates," said an International Amateur Athletic Federation official,

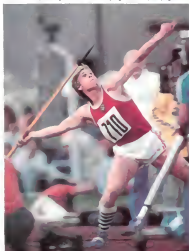
"but we are not too happy about it."

That was because by then the IAAF, the overseer of the track and field events in the Games, was open to charges of laxity in keeping Soviet officials honest. Traditionally, red-coated IAAF men are stationed on the infield during the Olympics, to observe and make rulings. "But the Soviets asked that we not be on the field this time," said Amadeo Francis of Puerto Rico. "They felt it looked like we were suspicious of them."

So IAAF President Adrian Paulen agreed to pull his men off, and then some very suspicious things began happening. After Soviet javelin thrower Darris Kula had fouled twice and needed a fair throw to make the final cut, he got off a long one that clearly landed sail first, by the rules another foul. But the Soviet officials marked it fair, and Kula won the event with his next throw of 299' 2". Soviet pole-vault officials also were accused by some vaulters in the qualifying of holding their flags higher when U.S.S.R. competitors were preparing to vault, so they

continued

Kula won the javelin gold thanks to his "judge-aided" qualifying throw





continued

might judge the wind. And in the triple jump there seemed a good case of a Western athlete being robbed.

Ian Campbell of Australia, a senior at Washington State, had qualified first in the preliminaries. On his third try in the finals, he got off a gorgeous jump of at least 57' 5". If fair it would have won. But to his and Australia's consternation, a judge along the runway said Campbell had dragged his non-jumping foot and ruled it a foul. Campbell finished fifth.

Ron Pickering, coach of the 1964 long-jump champion Lynn Davies, was the expert commentator for British TV. "I run the tape of that jump at every speed," he said, "and I could never see any contact of that foot or even any break in rhythm it would have caused. And the more I looked, the more I could see it

was one of the great jumps of history." Paulen viewed the tape and let the decision stand, but subsequently gave in to pleas from his IAAF officials and allowed them back on the field, whereupon things settled down.

The final day of track and field seemed to offer the most vivid images of the Games, and for an American the most wistful. Here was East Germany's defending champion Waldemar Cierpinski in the marathon, taking the lead with four miles to go in the caramelly sweet atmosphere near the Red October Confectionary Factory and striding home so strongly that he was without question a deserving winner. Yet how could one not miss Bill Rodgers or Tony Sandoval?

Here was Tatyana Kazankina of the U.S.S.R., also a 1976 champion, running her last 800 meters in 1:59 to win the 1,500 in 3:56.6. What might Mary Decker have done against her?

No one could have beaten Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia. The 5' 3 1/2", 115-pound father of six added the 5,000-meter gold to the one he had taken in the 10,000. Tanzania's Suleiman Nyambui was close, 13:21.6 to Yifter's winning 13:21.0, but once Yifter was ahead with 300 to go he was in control. Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan gave all he had, but for a second straight Games did no better than fourth. "I must be near some record for disappointment," he said, but then he spoke of races to come in future weeks, compelling miles against Bayi and Coe and Ovett and Steve Scott, and one knew he was unbroken.

As the athletes flowed out of Lenin Stadium on that last long twilight, past leaping Ethiopian tribal dancers, to the Village where Eastern Europeans were greedily filling sacks with precious fruit to take home, where the British celebration ended with Sebastian Coe covered head to foot in talcum powder, the mood seemed a reflection of Coe's own dominant emotion at his golden moment—that of sublime relief.

"It is intoxicating just having it over," said Peter Coe. "I don't even plan on seeing the grand Russian pomp of the closing ceremonies. No, the last thing I want to remember about these Games is that picture of elation as Seb crossed the line, a man who had borne up and gone out and done exactly what he had set himself. You can hang the rest."

HE HUFFED AND HE PUFFED, BUT...

by Paul Zimmerman

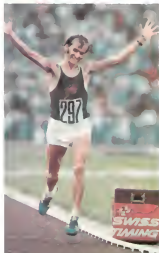
The last superheavyweight lifter to make a successful comeback was Samson. They just don't do it. The training is too intense, the muscles must be in a constant state of awareness. They don't just retire to a dacha in the Ukraine and grow flowers and two years later say, "Ah well, at one time I was the greatest, and now it's time to return."

John Davis, the great American lifter of the '50s, tried it and failed. So did Leonid Zhubotinsky, the huge, blond musclemans who won two Olympics (1964, 1968). And, sadly, so did Vasily Ivanovich Alekseyev, the great Russian bear, the strongest man in history.

The end came for Alekseyev last Wednesday night, in a gray concrete hall called the Izmailovo Palace of Sport. Three times he attempted 397 pounds in the snatch, the first of the two lifts in Olympic competition. It was a weight he had bettered by 11 pounds when he set his Olympic record of 408 pounds in Montreal. But three times Alekseyev tried and three times he failed to get the weight above his head, and he was eliminated from the competition.

The wire service reports said the crowd watched in "stunned silence," but this isn't true. It was silent for his first try, but Moscow fans don't stay quiet for long. When Alekseyev lost control of the bar after raising it only three feet on his last attempt, they whistled and hooted at him, and one official turned to a photographer and said, "Ah well, he'll make a lot of sausages."

At 38, Alekseyev didn't look like an Olympic champion or even a former Olympic champion. He looked like a very fat man in his mid-40s, massive but sagging on top, enormous through the belly, disproportionately thin in the legs. He was in doughy contrast to the tightly muscled 300-pounders he would be competing against—huge, well-proportioned men whose only sign of overweight was in the stomach.



As in 1976, Cierpinski won the marathon.

Soviet officials were quick to retire him. Eduard Bravko, the coach of Sultan Rakhmanov, the gold medalist, said, "Alekseyev is leaving the arena for good. He is going to become a coach. A famous weightlifter doesn't always realize he has reached the end of his capabilities. It's nice to be an optimist, but he must be a realist, too." Next day the Soviet press reported that Alekseyev's career was over.

It was news to Alekseyev. An hour after his competition, he stood at the entrance to the warmup room and talked about the "technical problems" that had hampered his lifting. His eyes were red from the half hour he had just spent in a sauna. He didn't seem upset, subdued maybe but not defeated. "How do you feel, Vasily Ivanovich?" an official asked him, and he said, "Wonderful."

He had walked off the platform amid the jeers and whistles in that slow, rattling stride of his, watched the competition for a while and then retired to the sauna and shower. One of the trainers who constantly flutter around the super-heavyweight lifters like tickbirds on a rhino was wringing his hands. "You should have started at a lower weight, Vasily Ivanovich," he said. "You should have been sure to have gotten something on the board." The clean and jerk is the better of Alekseyev's two lifts, and a representative performance there possibly could have gotten him a medal.

"No," Alekseyev said, shaking his head. "I came here to win the gold medal. I felt strong tonight. I'm happy about that. Technically, I wasn't right. I knew there was something wrong after the first lift. Something was wrong with the top pull, the face of the lift. The first part was all right. Maybe I didn't have enough training. I would have liked a little more time. I will go back and train and my next appearance will probably be in a month."

Alekseyev paused and looked at the long faces around him. On his first two lifts, he'd managed to get the bar to his shoulders, but fell backward when he tried to lift it higher. On his last, he never got it anywhere.

"Look," he said, "I had the strength. That's the important thing. I was ready for this championship. If I could have gotten the weight in the snatch, I could have done 250 kilos [five more than Rakhmanov lifted in winning]. I am not finished."

For two years Alekseyev has been a

continued



Vasily Ivanovich Alekseyev heaved mightily but couldn't retain his title as the world's strongest man



continued

man of mystery. In 1978 he was going for his ninth straight world championship, at Gettysburg, Pa., but in his first try in the clean and jerk he made a halfhearted attempt and then limped off, holding his hip. He didn't talk to the press afterward, and the speculation that came out of Gettysburg that night was that the world had seen the last of Alekseyev. For eight years he had been unbeaten. He had dominated the weightlifting world as no man ever had. He had set 82 records. John Goodbody, a weightlifting expert from England, wrote that no athlete in any sport could match Alekseyev's achievements. He was $3\frac{1}{2}$ times stronger than the average man, and what athlete could say he was $3\frac{1}{2}$ times more proficient than the

rest of the world? A runner? A swimmer? A shot or discus man? Not likely.

Alekseyev had moved to an apartment near Moscow, but after the Gettysburg disaster he went back to his house in Shakhty, a small coal-mining town 800 miles to the southwest of the Soviet capital. His training became a very private affair—if he was training at all. No one was quite sure. He was supposed to compete in the 1979 world championships in Thessaloniki, Greece, and the other lifters looked nervously over their shoulders waiting for the giant shadow to fall, but Alekseyev never showed up.

He hadn't competed in 1980. He was supposed to have qualified in a March 9 competition in Podolsk, U.S.S.R. but none of the reports of the event the next day carried his name.

"He told me, 'What do I need that for?'" said Aleksandr Gavrilovets, the chief of the International Sports Writers Commission of Weight Lifting. "He said, 'You know my training methods. I can achieve the qualifying weight anytime I

want.' But he still had to come in with some kind of qualification before the Games, so a few days before the Olympics he strode into the Izmailovo Sport Palace, lifted the qualifying weight rather easily and left the hall. He was enormous. He weighed 379 pounds, which would have made him the heaviest man ever to step on the platform. He said, 'I will be lighter for the competition.'"

On Wednesday he weighed in at 357 pounds, and when he walked out onto the platform, rubbing his hands in front of him, his heavy brows drawn together, the crowd let out a cheer, broken by occasional shouts of "My s roboy!" (We're with you!). Twelve minutes later he was finished, and the crowd found another idol to cheer, the 6' 2", 321-pound Rakhmanov, the 1979 world champion. Flat-faced, slightly Oriental looking, he is the product of a Ukrainian mother and a father from the Central Asian republic of Uzbekistan.

After Rakhmanov had won his gold medal, tying Alekseyev's Olympic record

continued



Sultan Rakhmanov, who tied Alekseyev's Olympic record of 970 pounds in winning the gold medal, was saddened by the treatment his predecessor received.

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continued

of 440 kilos (970 pounds), he was asked how it felt seeing a great champion hooted out of the arena. "I was sad," he said, "but I don't think it was a tragedy. It was sort of an accident—no, not even an accident, an incident. It happens with weightlifters. Sport is sport."

"I didn't hear the whistles, I didn't

hear anything out there," Alekseyev said. "The important thing is that now I am back."

"Back to show the people who whistled at you?" he was asked. Alekseyev drew himself up to his full height and paused before answering. "Alekseyev," he said, "will show himself."

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CUBA SI, STEVENSON SO-SO

As expected, Teófilo Stevenson won his third consecutive Olympic Games heavyweight championship last Saturday and thereby became the first boxer ever to receive three gold medals in the same weight division. But in four tedious bouts, two of which actually went the full three-round distance, the dour Cuban expended about as much energy as the ordinary Free World prizefighter does in conversation with Howard Cosell. And if Stevenson established anything, it is that his own once-formidable gifts are on the decline. Either that or he is simply bored with the biennial four-month quadrennial campaign his amateur status has imposed on him.

Stevenson, who is 29 now, proved he can still hit with his right hand, but he employed it so infrequently against his towering opponents that he might as well have left it in Havana. And he proved incapable of adapting his basically orthodox upright style to the turtle-in-distress tactics confronting him in Moscow. Henry Cooper, the old British champion, working the Games as a color man for BBC radio, found the bouts deplorable. "This is the worst collection of heavyweights I've seen in any tournament in my life," said Our Henry after Stevenson's walk in the semifinals with Isran Leviai of Hungary.

Stevenson has said, "For me, three rounds is enough. I take them out in that time." And he has in the past, with eight knockouts in eight Olympic bouts. But three rounds wasn't enough for him in Moscow, where he fought three as if he intended to go 15, pawing at the various poltroons opposite him with a languid left jab, searching for openings that seldom occurred, biding his time until there was none left. The fierce Soviet fans responded with whistling derision.

It was unfortunate that Stevenson's bouts were so desultory, because the other Cuban fighters put on a lively show, accumulating an Olympic-record 10 medals—six gold, two silver and two bronze. The Cubans, whose aggressiveness

and showmanship seemed to irritate the fans as much as Stevenson's torpor, completely dominated the favored Soviets, winning four of five bouts against them in the finals.

The only gold medal not won by Cuba or an Eastern Bloc country went to Italy's lightweight Patrizio Oliva, who defeated the Soviet Union's Serik Knochbaev in a hard-fought fight. He fell to his knees in gratitude when the decision was announced. He had good reason to give thanks, for unlike the Cuban and Soviet winners, Oliva knew that his gold could be converted into cash.

Stevenson steadfastly holds that he will never become a capitalist boxer and, considering what happened in Moscow, it's just as well. In his first fight of the Games he dispatched Solomon Ataga, a bumbling 32-year-old Nigerian, in the first round with the one really good right hand he threw in two weeks. Grzegorz Skrzec, a 198-pound Pole, was next. Skrzec was considered a challenger for the gold, and he had looked aggressive enough in knocking out William Jangura of Tanzania in his first fight, but against Stevenson he retreated into a shell, chancing scarcely a blow. Stevenson pummeled him in the first round,

then clubbed him into two standing eight-counts in the second. The fight was stopped with the Pole on the ropes with 48 seconds remaining in the last round.

Leviai, the Hungarian, had polished off Sweden's Anders Eklund, supposedly another prime challenger, in his first fight. Significantly, he is coached by Laszlo Papp, the only other fighter to win three Olympic gold medals, in 1948 and '52 as a middleweight and in '56 as a light-middle. But even Papp's distinguished presence was no help to Leviai, who made the timid Skrzec seem like a Marciano. The champion was content to dance with Leviai for three rounds. By the middle of the third round, as the *pas de deux* continued, the crowd was whistling like a freight train. It was the first time in 10 Olympic bouts that anyone had gone the distance with Stevenson.

Stevenson's opponent for the gold was more hostile, but at 5' 10½" and 191 pounds to 6' 6", 220, the U.S.S.R.'s Pyotr Zayev could scarcely reach the handsome face above him, let alone damage it. Zayev's most distinguishing feature, aside from his squat physique, is a nose that, like de Bergerac's, precedes him by a quarter of an hour. Stevenson popped away at this protuberance with his left hand, finding it as difficult to punch down at Zayev as it was for Zayev to punch up at him. But Zayev at least tried to mix it up, and once when he did,

in the last round, Stevenson found him with a right uppercut that nearly ended the literally uneven fight. But Zayev recovered and, like the prudent Leviai, he made it through to the end. And he, like Leviai, made some history: one of the five judges, Marvin Caldera Lacayo of Nicaragua, voted him the winner, and no one in any Olympics before had cast a vote against Stevenson.

Stevenson's reputation has been built in part on his knockouts of Duane Bobick and John Tate in the two previous Olympics, victories that recent events have made less consequential. Certainly he did nothing in these latest Games to enhance that reputation. If anything, he did as much as Bobick and Tate have done to diminish it. Too bad. He might once have been a real champion.

—RON FIDMIRE



Teófilo won his third gold against the shrinking Zayev in the finals.

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Kenny Roberts' win in the 1978 500cc World Grand Prix Championship crowns eight years of concentrated Goodyear development, on the road and off. Goodyear set out to broaden the limited range of tires available to U.S. motorcyclists back in 1971. Today we offer 13 different motorcycle tire designs. Result: motorcyclists have made us Number One in the U.S. market.

GOODYEAR
Out front. Pulling away.

ALL THAT GLITTER WAS NOT GOLD

On the opening night of last week's United States Long Course Swimming Championships in Irvine, Calif., Tracy Caulkins pulled quickly away from the field in the 100-meter breaststroke, the first Olympic event contested to the meet. When she neared the wall for her turn at the 50-meter mark, the P.A. announcer told the crowd, "The gold-medal split is 33.39. The world-record split is 33.68." Caulkins made her flip and all eyes in the crowd jumped to the scoreboard high above the Heritage Park Aquatics Complex. There, frozen for an instant, was Caulkins' race-leading split—33.03. The crowd roared, then rose to its feet cheering madly.

Azop the scoreboard were now displayed the times set by the three medalists in Moscow, led by East German Ute Geweniger's gold-medal-winning 1:10.22. Urging Caulkins toward that goal, the crowd chanted louder and louder, "Go! Go! Go!" Caulkins made a last lunge at the finish, then quickly looked up at the scoreboard. For a second the numbers scrambled, then her winning time suddenly stopped clear. It was the

In spite of fireworks, three world records and Ronald Reagan, the U.S. Long Course Swimming Championships did not an Olympics make by JOE MARSHALL

fastest that Caulkins, America's best all-round woman swimmer, had ever recorded in the event. Her time set meet, American and U.S. open records. But instead of raising her arms in triumph, Caulkins slumped on the lane ropes. The crowd groaned in disappointment. Caulkins' 1:10.40 was good enough for an Olympic silver but 18 of a second short of the Moscow gold-medal time still displayed for all to see.

As Caulkins' frustration demonstrated, American records and American titles were not what last week's U.S. championships were all about. Technically, the meet was a combination of the national championships originally scheduled for mid-August and the Olympic Trials originally scheduled for mid-June. When the boycott took effect, these two meets were combined and switched to the week immediately following the swimming competition in Moscow. The result was a mock Olympics. The theme in Irvine: BEAT MOSCOW.

United States Swimming, Inc., the sport's governing body in this country, did its best to dramatize the notion of an Olympic showdown. The scoreboard at Heritage Park normally has eight lines for results, corresponding to the eight lanes for swimmers in the championship pool. Last week three more lines were added to the top of the scoreboard to accommodate the times of Moscow's gold, silver and bronze medalists, three ever-present ghosts in the water at Irvine. As the swimmers headed into each turn, the upcoming split of the gold medalist would appear at the top of the scoreboard as a standard to be compared with the split that would flash below when an American swimmer touched the wall. Throughout, the P.A. announcer exhorted the crowd to cheer ever louder to bring

the Americans home. "We're going for gold!" he would say.

The stage was set for the Americans to shatter the record books, rewrite swimming history and blow the Communies clear out of the water. And every once in a while they did just that. In the men's 200-meter butterfly, for instance, the first three finishers all surpassed the Moscow gold-medal time, and the rest of the eight finalists bettered the silver-medal standard. The winner, Craig Beardsley, a 19-year-old Florida junior with the Oriental features of his Chinese mother, set a world record of 1:58.21, though he did it in the preliminaries. In the women's 200 butterfly final, 15-year-old Mary T. Meagher, a high school sophomore from Louisville, lowered her own world record to 2:06.37, which was more than four seconds faster than the winning Olympic time. In swimming, four seconds ranks somewhere between an eon and an age. That's showing 'em, Mary T.

As often as not, however, the Americans didn't live up to expectations. Something was missing in Irvine. "I could guarantee you that if this were the real Olympics, 90% of the swimmers here would go faster," said Mike Bruner, who won the award as the meet's top male performer but lost the 200-meter butterfly world record he had set at Montreal. "Our officials did everything they could possibly do to build up this meet, but this isn't an Olympics. I know. I've been there." In the end, the best that could be said for Irvine was that the Americans had proved what everyone had known all along—as a nation the U.S. is still No. 1 in the world in swimming.

By the time the five-day meet came to a close last Saturday with a visit from Ronald Reagan and a red, white, blue and—you guessed it—gold fireworks display, the scoreboard showed six new American and three world records. And then there was the ongoing count of Olympic medals, a bogus exercise in the

continued



The top three times listed on the scoreboard were the real U.S. targets: the Moscow medal times



After the 100 breaststroke, Caulkins casts a worried glance at the board. Meagher appears ready to take off as she wings her way to a world record 200 fly.



eyes of most of the swimmers. "Beating the Olympic time doesn't really prove anything," insisted another Florida swimmer, Rowdy Gaines, whose winning times in the 100 and 200 freestyles were good enough for a gold in the former but only a silver in the latter, an event in which he holds the world record. "I know I could have won the 200 in Moscow, and that's not bragging. There's no substitute for head-to-head swimming."

Right you are, Rowdy, but everyone kept adding up the medals anyway. In the 11 individual Olympic events swum by both men and women, a comparison of times indicates our men would have won six gold, eight silver and three bronze medals; our women, four gold, four silver and two bronze.

Those totals may seem disappointing to swim fanatics who recall that the American men won 10 of 11 individual golds in Montreal and the women, while shut out of Olympic gold, took seven individual titles at the 1978 world championships in West Berlin. But the bottom line is that the swimmers at Irvine would have produced more golds and more overall medals than any other nation at Moscow.

Beardsley's and Meagher's world-record swims in the 200 butterflys were voted the outstanding male and female performances of the meet. The third world record, UCLA junior Bill Barrett's

2:03.24 in the 200 individual medley, may have been overlooked because it isn't an Olympic event.

Both Beardsley and Meagher represent a new trend in the coaching of the butterfly. Traditionally, the stroke has been considered so strenuous that in practice it has been swum only about 10% of the time. Last week, however, Meagher admitted that she does the fly as much as 40% of her time in the pool, and Beardsley revealed he has devoted 60% of some practices to butterflying.

Beardsley didn't start the intensive butterfly training until this spring, when he and his coach, Randy Reese, decided that the stroke offered him his best chance of making the Olympic team. Even though Beardsley had won the 200 fly at the Pan American Games in San Juan, Puerto Rico last summer, he was beginning to develop the reputation of being a perennial runner-up. In each of his first two years at Florida, he finished second in the 200 butterfly at both the NCAA meet and the indoor nationals. At last year's outdoor championships he qualified first in the event in the preliminaries and then, to use his word, "choked" in the finals, finishing fifth. No wonder that after his world-record performance in the preliminaries last Wednesday, he was still nervous about this final. "I had to prove to myself that this time the morning swim wasn't a

fluke," he said. It wasn't. Beardsley won the final in 1:58.46, once again bettering Mike Bruner's 1976 record of 1:59.23, while holding off the fast finish of the former record holder, who also improved on his old mark.

Reese thinks Beardsley can keep improving now that he is concentrating solely on the butterfly. "Someday he'll be a 1:56 flyer," the coach predicted. "He really maintains his stroke well. I've never seen anyone swim fly tired like he does. He's an unreal worker."

"That's a Chinese gene," said Beardsley's father, Russ, who owns an audio-equipment store in New York City but was on hand in Irvine as a spectator. "Give his mother an eight-hour job and she's looking for more work." From his mother, Jeanne, a librarian and piano teacher, Craig has also inherited a love of music. He is a cellist, with six years of lessons behind him. Now he is hoping to meet his mother's side of the family, which still lives in the Shanghai area. The winners at last week's meet could choose between going on to an international competition in Hawaii or to an exhibition tour of China. "If Craig doesn't choose China, he'll be disinherited," said his father.

Meagher's family was also represented in Irvine. One of 11 children, she had 14 relatives poolside at the championships. They were clearly discernible by their green shirts which read:

THIS IS A
MARY
T
SHIRT

and by the racket they made whenever their heroine did anything. They had plenty to cheer about. In addition to her world-record swim in the 200 fly, Mary T also took the 100-meter butterfly, missing her own world record of 59.26 in that event by a mere .15 of a second but winning another would-be Olympic gold medal. She also came in a surprising third in the 200 freestyle and swam such a fast lead-off leg for her club team, the Pepsi Marlins, in the 400 freestyle relay that under the normal conditions of an Olympic Trials she would have earned a spot on the U.S. relay team. Meagher wound up as the high point scorer for the Marlins, who won both the women's and overall team titles at the championships. When Reagan presented her 100-butterfly medal on the final night of the competition, the green T shirt crowd un-

Craig Beardsley had plenty to cheer over at Irvine: he bagged a world record and a trip to China.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD JACKSON

rolled a binner. MARY T FOR PRESIDENT!

She, too, will go to China, though Mary T., is perhaps more anxious to return to Louisville. She has been away from home since January when, dreaming of Moscow, she moved to Cincinnati to train with Denny Pursley, who had been her original coach but had left Louisville to take over the Marlins. Pursley is a strong advocate of long-distance butterfly training. In the past, few butterfly swimmers swam the stroke for more than 400 meters without stopping. Even Beardsley, who has the reputation of being able to hold his stroke, has never gone more than 1,000 meters at a clip. Mary T., by contrast, has done 3,000 meters nonstop and regularly swims sets of 800.

Meagher also won the 200 fly at last year's Pan Am Games, where she swam 2:09.77 to set her first world record, at the age of 14. At the time, the world record of 2:09.87 was held jointly by Caulkins and East Germany's Andrea Pollack. Although no other swimmer has ever bettered that record, Meagher continues to push the standard lower and lower. Until recently, the 2:07.01 she swam at last year's long-course championships in Fort Lauderdale was not only a world record for women, but also a national age-group record for boys. "When athletes make breakthroughs in sports, like, say, Roger Bannister, then usually a flock of others follow," notes Pursley. "Once they see it can be done, they believe they too can do it. But no one's followed Mary T."

Now that she's on top, Mary T. is thinking of retiring from swimming, of taking up field hockey, of getting involved in school and "having a good time." Asked for an opinion in Irvine last week, her mother said, "She's kind of tired of it. There's a lot of long hours. She's thought of giving it up at the end of other summers, but she's always been persuaded that the Olympics were coming up, and she'd be awfully sorry if she missed them."

For Mary T. Meagher, like so many others, the boycott was painful. "I'll always feel disappointment about it," she said at the end of last week's meet. "When they played the Olympic song here, I had tears in my eyes. But there was nothing I could do except look up at that scoreboard and compare my time."

In this year of the Olympic boycott, that was all any American swimmer could do.

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OLYMPIC AND U.S. CHAMPIONS

A comparison of winning times for individual Olympic events indicates that American swimmers would have done well at Moscow. 10 gold medals (in red type) / U.S. championship events not listed here include non-Olympic distances (for instance, Bill Barrett's world-record 200 IM) and the four Olympic relay events

EVENT	MOSCOW	IRVINE
MEN		
100 breaststroke	1:03.34 D. Goodhew, G.B.	1:02.88 S. Lundquist
200 breaststroke	2:15.85 R. Zalpa, U.S.S.R.	2:18.78 G. Mills
100 backstroke	56.53 B. Baron, Sweden	56.64 P. Rocca
200 backstroke	2:01.93 S. Wladar, Hungary	2:01.06 S. Barnicot
100 butterfly	54.92 P. Arvidsson, Sweden	54.34 W. Paulus
200 butterfly	1:59.76 S. Fesenko, U.S.S.R.	1:58.46 C. Beardsley**
100 freestyle	50.40 J. Worrie, G.D.R.	50.19 R. Gaines
200 freestyle	1:49.81 S. Kopylov, U.S.S.R.	1:50.02 R. Gaines
400 freestyle	3:51.31 V. Salnikov, U.S.S.R.	3:52.19 M. Bruner
1,500 freestyle	14:58.27* V. Salnikov, U.S.S.R.	15:19.80 M. Bruner
400 individual medley	4:22.89 A. Sidorenko, U.S.S.R.	4:21.51 J. Vassallo
WOMEN		
100 breaststroke	1:10.22 U. Geweniger, G.D.R.**	1:10.40 T. Caulkins
200 breaststroke	2:29.54 L. Kuchshite, U.S.S.R.	2:34.66 (tie) T. Caulkins, T. Baxter
100 backstroke	1:00.86* R. Reinisch, G.D.R.	1:03.16 L. Jezek
200 backstroke	2:11.77* R. Reinisch, G.D.R.	2:14.52 L. Jezek
100 butterfly	1:09.42 C. Mettschack, G.D.R.	59.41 M. Meagher
200 butterfly	2:10.44 L. Geissler, G.D.R.	2:06.37* M. Meagher
100 freestyle	54.79* B. Krause, G.D.R.	56.57 C. Woodhead
200 freestyle	1:58.33 B. Krause, G.D.R.	1:59.44 C. Woodhead
400 freestyle	4:08.76 I. Diers, G.D.R.	4:01.77 K. Louchan
800 freestyle	8:28.90 M. Ford, Australia	8:27.86 K. Louchan
400 individual medley	4:36.29* P. Schneider, G.D.R.	4:40.61 T. Caulkins

*World record

**Set a world record in the preliminaries



BY GEORGE, HE'S SOME HITTER

As a matter of fact, Kansas City's Third Baseman George Brett might well be the best in baseball. And he is a big winner off the field, too

by **RON FIMRITE**

Taking everything into consideration, his great abilities plus the intangibles, Brett is probably the best player in the game today.

—GENE MAUCH
Minnesota manager

I think I could find a place for him in our lineup. Every day. Every inning.

—BILLY MARTIN
Oakland manager

He's the best hitter in the American League right now, and maybe in all baseball.

—CARL YASTRZEMSKI
Boston outfielder

If God had him no balls and two strikes, he'd still get a hit.

—STEVE PALERMO
American League umpire

He hits better than any white man I've ever seen. As a matter of fact, he hits so good he hits like a black man.

—AL OLIVER
Texas outfielder

One day this June, George Brett was not at his accustomed position, third base for the Kansas City Royals, but in a hospital ward full of women, recovering from a torn ligament in his right ankle. Brett can talk to women, that's for sure, and on this day, Isabel (Izzy) Barrios, a pert, businesslike young physical therapist, is lightheartedly nagging him about putting more oomph into his exercises. "You're not trying, George. . . . George, you look like you're sleeping. . . ."

"Oooooh," moans George, working his ankle against the pressure of the Cybex machine that measures the strength of the ankle. "You're killing me. Am I ever going to have a lawsuit." Listening sympathetically to these lamentations is a woman named Dorothy, who is about 75. She sits, slightly reclining, in a wheelchair that has her name printed on the back. George, perspiring and grimacing, watches Dorothy watch him suffer and then includes her in the banter.

"What're you in for, Dorothy?"

"I had a stroke and I fell and broke my hip."

"It could be worse. You could have a torn ligament in your ankle."

"Is playing ball worth it?"

"It is on paydays."

"You're a sfigety young man, aren't you? Do you smoke?"

"Only when I'm on fire. No, I chew."

"I chewed when I was in high school once. But I take Vallum now."

"Better watch that."

"Oh, I know, they say you can get hooked on it. Well, I've been taking it for nearly 20 years and I'm not hooked yet. Say, how can you move your ankle when it's all taped up like that?"

"Look, that's how I can move it. After this, they're going to make me run."

"Isn't that the way it always is? They just don't give you any rest around here."

Brett injured his ankle stealing a base in a game against Cleveland on June 10.

"I saw their shortstop . . . what's his name, (Jerry) Dybzinski? . . . coming across the base," he recalls, "and I was distracted, so I slid late, but the bag and bounced back. I heard a big pop." Says Kansas City Manager Jim Frey, "I wish he had one less stolen base." There is nothing particularly surprising about Brett being injured. Anyone who plays baseball with his reckless zeal is going to come a cropper from time to time. "George gets hurt a lot because he's so aggressive," says Royal General Manager Joe Burke, "but then he wouldn't be as good as he is if he weren't so aggressive, so what can you do?"

You can play without him, which the Royals do, but not nearly as successfully as they do with him. In the 39 games Brett has not started at third this season—before he injured his ankle he had

continued

been out for four games with a badly bruised heel—his teammates played at only a .487 clip. With their star third baseman rooting in the infield dust for ground balls and rifling scorching line drives, the Royals are .672. In the three weeks before injuring his ankle, Brett had been on one of his characteristic batting tears. He'd hit safely in 16 of his last 18 games, had driven in 24 runs, had five doubles, a triple and six homers and batted .440. Then, pop!

But he has come back. He always does. He played much of the 1978 season with a painfully bruised left shoulder and bone chips in the thumb of his throwing hand. He had surgery on the thumb in the off-season, missed all of spring training in 1979 and had to wear a protective device on the thumb while batting for most of the rest of the season. With these impediments, he started slowly, making some injury-induced bad throws from third and hitting barely .240 through the middle of May. But you might say he surmounted the handicap later on. For the season, he hit .329 with 42 doubles, 20 triples, 23 homers, 119 runs and 107 RBIs.

He led the league in triples and in hits with 212, and he stole 17 bases. If there remained any doubts about Brett's qualifications for superstardom they were dispelled by this performance.

His teammates, managers and opponents have never questioned his ability. Whitey Herzog, who's the Cardinals' skipper now but was Brett's manager at Kansas City for five years, considers him the best player in the American League. "You don't have to manage him," Herzog says. "You just let him play." Brett's teammate, Hal McRae, places him among "the top three players in the game."

Frey, who spent 10 years as a Baltimore coach before coming to Kansas City, says Brett "is as valuable as one of the great hitters in the league can be. But what impresses everybody is the way he goes about playing. He plays hard. He breaks up the double play, he takes the extra base, he dives for balls. Like Brooks Robinson, he just loves being a ballplayer. Brooks couldn't do all the things George can do on the bases, because he didn't have the speed, but he had that same enthusiasm."

By the same token, Brett is no Robinson afide, but Frey thinks Brett's defensive prowess is underrated. "His hands are good, his range is good and he's improved his throwing in the last two years," Frey says. "The guy people are talking about when they say he isn't a good fielder is the guy who played three or four years ago, the guy who might backhand a ball and then throw it away. George does a helluva job defensively now. He's one of the best."

Brett makes light of his own defensive lapses, saying, "If I can stay healthy long enough, I've got a chance to become the first player to get 3,000 hits and 1,000 errors." But a teammate, Pitcher Paul Splittorff, considers such jocularity a protective cover. "He's sensitive about his defense," says Splittorff. "It's the only thing he's ever been criticized for, and I think he takes it personally. Everybody looks for a weakness in people, and George doesn't have many. His fielding is really pretty good, but it doesn't measure up to his hitting. What could? He's just an amazing clutch player. The Palmers and the Guidrys will say he's the

CAN'T ANYONE PLAY THIRD?

One team that does not have a third baseman approaching the caliber of George Brett is the New York Mets. Not now, not 10 years ago, not ever. What the Mets have had is a lot of third basemen. Let's go back to the beginning, 1962, the year the Mets were born. Don Zimmer, No. 1 historically and No. 67 alphabetically, was at third when the season opened and he started reasonably well, with three hits in 12 at bats. Then he went 0 for 34 and was benched for Felix Mantilla, No. 2. Zimmer reappeared after a few days and got a couple of hits but was traded to Cincinnati for Cliff Cook, No. 3.

Cook showed up with some bad news for the Mets. He had a bad back, which made bending over difficult. Not that Cook was much of a third baseman when he could bend over. Are you staring to get the point?

The Mets have been in existence for almost 19 years, and in that time 67 souls, most of them unfortunate, have played third.

Until Lenny Randle, who was available only because he had just punched out his manager, hit .304 in 1977, no Mets third baseman had ever hit higher than .276, which Ed Charles did in 1968. Until Richie Hebner

drove in 79 runs last year, while desperately pleading to be traded (which he was last October to Detroit), no Mets third baseman had ever driven in more than 62. There have been bunters, bunglers and stumblers. There have been names that would excite only devotees of trivia. Unsurprisingly, the two worst trades the Mets ever made involved third basemen.

The incumbent is Elliott Maddox. Oddly enough, he can play. He may be the best centerfielder on the team, but if he isn't run over by a bus, he will finish the season as the best-fielding third baseman the club has ever had. When the season began, Manager Joe Torre, who was No. 48 himself, planned to spell Maddox with Phil Mankowski, acquired from the Tigers at the Hebner trade, another wretched deal for the Mets. Mankowski became No. 64 on April 15, a cold gray Tuesday at Shea Stadium.

The game's first batter doubled and the game's second batter bunted the ball to Mankowski, who threw it away. Charlie Neal would have appreciated that. Neal was the Opening Day third baseman in 1963 and he threw the first ball he got into the stands. One batter later, Mankowski got his first

ground ball, a tricky little devil that went through his legs for another error. Now that's a man who has a deep and abiding concern for history. Mankowski went on the disabled list April 29 and hasn't returned.

No. 65 was a quiet little rookie named Mario Ramirez. He became No. 65 by playing one inning at third on May 22. The next day he was in Triple A and Jose Moreno, another rookie, was in Flushing.

Moreno also had a concern for historical continuity. He became No. 66 one bright sunny day at Candlestick Park, June 18 to be exact. The first ball hit to him was a pop foul which he never saw. He had forgotten to put on his sunglasses. God bless you, No. 66.

The Mets became a national phenomenon because, in the early years, they lost creatively and humorously and the writers covering the team refused to take them seriously. Casey Stengel wouldn't have let them if they tried. Jack Lang has covered the Mets since Day One, first for the *Long Island Press*, now for the *New York Daily News*. He has become, in effect, the team historian, and, as the scope of the catastrophe became clear, it was Lang who would proudly announce the correct number when a new third baseman showed up. Belatedly recognizing that history consists of defeats as well as victories, the Mets now keep their own master list.

toughest they've ever faced in those situations. That's high praise. George seems to have a higher gear he slips into, and he just takes over."

Brett took over almost single-handedly in the Royals' three futile tries against the Yankees in the American League playoffs of 1976, '77 and '78. In '76, his three-run homer tied the fifth game, which the Yankees ultimately won on Chris Chambliss' dramatic ninth-inning shot, and in the third game in '78, he set a playoff record by hitting three homers off Catfish Hunter. His average for 14 playoff games is a rousing .375.

Brett also rose to the occasion on the last day of the '76 season, getting three hits against Minnesota to edge McRae by a percentage point and Rod Carew by two points for the league batting championship. Alas, the last of those hits, a fly ball that the Twins' Steve Brye apparently misjudged, was suspect. The bitterly disappointed McRae, a black, accused Brye of misplaying the ball deliberately so a white could win the title. Brett, who admires McRae enormously and considers him something of

a role model, was crushed by the accusation. "It took a lot of fun out of winning the title," he says. "I respect Hal so much. But a week later we were kidding about it. 'You know you won it because you're white,' he'd say to me. And when I got the silver bat at the start of the next season in a ceremony before the opener on national TV, McRae said to me when I got back to the dugout, 'O.K., let's cut it in half.'" Still, there are members of the Royals' organization who say McRae has not yet recovered from his disappointment. McRae denies this. "I've forgotten all about it," he says. "Anyway, it caused no damage to my relationship with George."

Brett, who is among the most likable of professional athletes, is a hard man to hold a grudge against. His enthusiasm on the field—coupled with his great skill—has won him unrivaled popularity with Kansas City fans. "George certainly has charisma," says Burke, understating the situation. Off the field, Brett is the perennial youngster, whose insouciance entertains men and, according to reliable reports, devastates womanhood. "Every-

thing you've heard about him is true," says Splitteroff. "I don't know of anyone who has more fun off the field and on. They say he'll be 40 before he's 30. I don't know, but he's sure a piece of work."

Jamie Quirk, who plays behind Brett at third and does some catching for the Royals, has known George since they played in the instructional league together. "He's my closest friend," says Quirk. "He's the same guy who was making \$500 a month when I first met him. He knows that he's a public figure, that he can't be too outrageous. But he still enjoys going out. I'm just a run-of-the-mill player and he's a superstar, but he has never let that come between us. Wherever we go, he's recognized, but he'll always make sure that I'm introduced to everybody. He's always been one of the guys, not the sort of superstar who'll walk in five minutes before the game."

His therapy is finished, and Brett can bid his lady friends at St. Luke's adieu. Dorothy is working a jigsaw puzzle. George watches her for a time and then remarks drily, "I wish I could go through that kind of rehabilitation, Dorothy." Be-

continued

Maddox, who grew up in New Jersey and used to play centerfield for the Yankees, knew about the Mets' third-base problem when he was a kid. "I don't know why nothing's happened to me yet," he said recently. "Hope-

fully, I can be there a while." Several days later he pulled a hamstring and Bill Almon became No. 67.

Manager Torre was traded to the Mets from St. Louis after the 1974 season, with a lifetime batting average of .300. He couldn't have known what he was getting into. Torre hit .247 that year and tied a major league record one night by hitting into four ground-ball double plays.

"I knew they'd had a lot of third basemen," Torre said recently, "but I think I was too old to think it was a jinx. Every team has had trouble filling one position. Look at the Brooklyn Dodgers and leftfield. He pouted. "Well, I guess it wasn't as bad as the Mets and third base."

For the record, Mantilla became the regular third baseman in 1962, playing 95 games. Charley Smith held the job, more or less, for two straight years, 1964 and 1965. Wayne Garrett is the only other Met to be the regular third baseman for two years in a row. Garrett's glory years were 1973 and 1974. He was also the third baseman—well, no one else matched his 72 games—in 1969, the Mets' miracle year. Garrett, you should know, played 709 games at third, the most by a Met, lifetime.

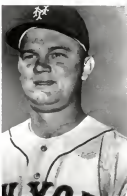
Joe Mook played 42 games at third in 1967. Joe Mook? How about Larry Burright,

Elio Chacon, Sammy Drake, Chico Fernandez, Wayne Graham, Pompeio Green, Bob Heise, Rack Herscher, Rod Kanehl, Gary Kolb, Danny Napoleon, Rich Pugh, Amado Samuel and Ted Schreiber?

Amos Otis played one game at third in 1967. In 1969 the Mets decided that Otis, originally an infielder, was their third baseman of the future. He only played three games at third in '69 but he informed the Mets he wanted no part of that position. The Mets had Tommie Agee in center so they traded Otis to Kansas City for Joe Foy, a—you guessed it—third baseman. That was worst trade No. 1. Otis is doing splendid things for the Royals—in centerfield. Foy hit .236 in 1970 and was out of baseball by 1972.

Jim Fregoso was going to be the next savior. So what if he had never played an inning at third in his career? So what if he hit a career-low .233 in 1971? The Mets traded Nolan Ryan, Lee Stanton and two minor-leaguers to the Angels for Fregoso, who hit .232 in '72 and was given away early the next season. That was WT No. 2.

So who will be Third Baseman No. 68? Some poor unsuspecting rookie called up in September? A harmless utility infielder, sitting peacefully on someone else's bench at this very moment? One thing seems sure. It won't be George Brett. —HENRY HECHT



The Mets' first unfortunate soul was Zinner

ing injured has given him a chance to get his day-to-day affairs in order, and he has set a busy schedule for himself on a day that has become a true Kansas City soother. The first stop is at the Home Savings and Loan Association, which employs him as a sort of roving public relations man. "Actually," says Brett, driving downtown in his new Ford Bronco. "I do nothing."

He pops into the office of Ray Gifford, Home Savings' president. Brett is unshaven and unshowered from his ordeal with Izzy and is wearing a dark blue T shirt, light-blue jeans and royal-blue running shoes, hardly proper attire for a young banker. At 27, he is what is customarily described as ruggedly handsome—a larger, much younger Steve McQueen, say. He has pale blue eyes, a strong, invariably stubbly chin and sandy hair that remains steadfastly tousled. A gap between his front teeth that once gave a certain antic charm to his smile has been closed by dental wizardry so that now his uppers are as bright and orderly as the incumbent President's. Brett is six feet tall and about 200 pounds, the weight distributed like a running back's—broad shoulders, low center of gravity, thick, strong legs.

Gifford, an affable, pink-faced man in a rumpled seersucker suit, is happy to see Brett. "I wanted you here to meet a woman who was going to make a \$200,000 deposit," he says. "She said she'd put the money in only if she could meet George Brett. But what if she's some kind of nut? What if she pulls out a gun and shoots you right here in this office? What a mess that would be—George Brett lying down there bleeding all over this expensive new carpet. We can't have that. Anyway, she never called back. But as long as you're here, how about saying hello to the girls behind the windows?"

Brett allows as to how there are few things he enjoys more than chatting with pretty bank tellers. Dennis Spivak, whose agency handles Home Savings' advertising, opens the door and peeks in. Spivak, an avid Royal fan, is almost as casually dressed as George, in open-necked shirt and slacks. Brett, who is rarely still, jumps up to greet him. "I think the word for George in Yiddish is *shpilkes*, which means he's got ants in his pants," Spivak says, laughing. "Anyway, I always say he has *shpilkes* disease. Now he's telling everybody he's got it." George holds up a

hand in protest. "No," he says, "the truth is my P.R. man told me I was losing popularity in the Jewish community so I've started using a few Yiddish words to get myself back in."

There are more errands. He talks to the tellers, he deposits a diamond he has just bought in his safe-deposit box, he buys himself a new tin of chewing tobacco, he has lunch with Gifford and Spivak at a chic little restaurant called Stanford & Sons, and he sees a man about buying a used Mercedes 450 SL. And later there is more therapy at St. Luke's. By four in the afternoon, Brett is ready to drive to his house on the shores of Lake Quivira, Kans., about 25 miles west of Kansas City. He is stopped on the way for running a stop sign. The officer, recognizing the offender, lets him off with a warning, but Brett is distressed nonetheless. "We're losing valuable sun time," he complains, gazing longingly into a cloudless sky.

In 1977, Brett signed a five-year, \$1.5 million contract that, in the light of recent developments in baseball economics, seems barely above the subsistence level. Brett employed no agent in negotiating that agreement, but he did some research on the wages paid players of his stature and he asked the Royals to take this information to heart. But contract hassles between Brett and his team seem an unlikely occurrence. Burke says he envisions a long career in Kansas City for George. For his part, Brett says he is happy where he is and is not looking for greener pastures.

"George knows what big city life is like," says Quirk. "He was raised in L.A. He doesn't need any more of it. Kansas City has been good to him, and he's been good to Kansas City." And despite his own protestations—"I haven't had any action since my eighth grade picnic"—he is the city's Bachelor King, reigning benevolently over beauty queens, swinging singles and lonely divorcees.

With it all, Brett lives modestly. His wardrobe of T shirts and jeans might embarrass a high school boy, and he prefers hunting and fishing to nightclubs and the theater. His house, which looks like a mountain chalet, may be his only extravagance, and at a cost of \$225,000, it is, in his opinion, "a steal." But it does have four bedrooms and two sun decks, a large bar and a pool table. And it overlooks the lake.

Brett parks the Bronco in the garage, snatches a few beers from the cooler and climbs into his golf cart for a short trip downhill to a friend's dock, where he will rest his injured leg in style. It is late afternoon now, but the sun is still bright. It shimmers in reflection in the dark waters of the little lake. Sailboats, motor launches and water skiers pass in review as Brett slumps into a chaise longue, beer at the ready. He has assumed this position many times before, but mostly on the beaches of Southern California, far from the pastoral Midwest.

"It's not as hectic here," he says, eyes half closed to the sun. "It was good for me to get away from home at a young age. Everybody but me seemed to be maturing. I grew up in El Segundo, out near the L.A. airport, not far from Manhattan Beach. Every day in the summer we'd go to the beach from 10 in the morning till four in the afternoon. Then I'd help clean up the house a little bit, put on my uniform and play ball the rest of the night. Every day it was the same thing. It was really livin'."

Brett was the youngest of four sons, all of whom played professional baseball. But only Ken, 31, a left-handed pitcher who was released this spring by the Dodgers, and George made it to the big leagues. John, 33, is in the construction business, and Bob, 29, is in real estate. All three older brothers preceded George as star athletes at El Segundo High. "I was always being compared to one of them," George says. "When my brothers got to playing, it was sort of mandatory that I do it. My father—he's a director of finance for Datsun—backed us all the way. We got the best \$40 gloves, although mine were hand-me-downs from Bobby and John. We were middle class. My father said we didn't have to get jobs in the summer. That was the time to enjoy yourself, he told us. I don't recall ever getting an allowance, but if I needed something, I got it. There was no stereo or TV in my room, but if I wanted \$3 to go to the movies, I'd get it."

Ken—or "Kenner," as George calls him—was the family's first star. "He was the best thing ever to come out of my hometown," says George. "He was better than anyone in everything in high school—baseball, football, you name it. Hey, he pitched in the World Series for the Red Sox when he was 19. I saw him in Busch Stadium. I was only 14. What a thrill! At that time, he could really blow

continued

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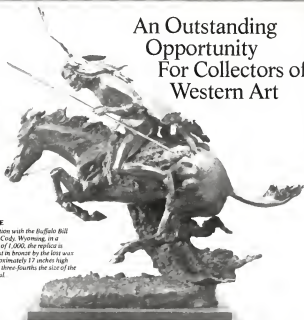
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the ball. He'd come home, driving a GTO and pulling out a roll of \$10 bills—there might have been only three or four, but it looked like a roll, I'd say. 'Look, he's got it made.' That's when I decided if there was anything I wanted to be, it was a ballplayer."

George was drafted by the Royals out of high school in 1971 as a shortstop, but he was switched to third base in his first season, at Billings, Mont. In 2½ years in the minors, he never hit .300. "I was strictly a pull hitter then," he says. "I went for the long ball. What else? In my high school it was 320 feet in the power alleys." In 1974, both he and McRae fell under the influence of the man who was to become their Svengali, Royal hitting instructor Charley Lau. Lau taught them patience at the plate. He taught them to go to the opposite field and to concentrate on hitting the ball where it was pitched. In time, Brett, the lefthand hitter, and McRae, the righty, became mirror images of each other at the plate. "We had the same stance," says Brett. "We did everything alike." In that year, McRae's average improved from .234 to .310 and by 1975 Brett had become a .300 hitter, finishing at .308. McRae had three successive .300-plus seasons, and Brett, whose career average is now .310, has dipped below .300 only once since '75—in the injury-riddled 1978 season when he hit .294.

There are those, notably Herzog, who contend that Lau's influence on Brett has not been entirely beneficial, that had Brett not concentrated so much on hitting the ball to the opposite field, he could have become a big home-run hitter. The 23 he had last year is his highest total, but Brett has not appreciably changed his batting style since Lau's departure to the Yankees two years ago. In Frey's opinion, Brett is simply getting stronger and the homers will come with ever-increasing frequency. It is not a pretty prospect for American League pitchers.

Brett learned something else in that pivotal 1974 season from watching McRae: "I could see him stretching singles into doubles, and I'd say, 'Hey, I can do that.' I'd never played that way in the minor leagues. I was lackadaisical. Now I don't think I can play any other way but all out. Baseball's no fun if you don't go out there and be . . . well . . . berserk, if that's the word. I enjoy the game so much because I'm putting so much into it. It makes you feel great inside when

you're standing on second or third base knowing you've just stretched a hit. I'll bet if you took all the players in this game and had a race, you'd find I have just a little more than average speed. But I've led the league in triples three times and in doubles once. Seven or eight of my triples last year were really just doubles. I stretched them."

Frey has said that when Brett is incapacitated he tries not to think about his absence. And yet . . . "when we lose a one-run game, I find I have a tendency to say to myself that if George had been there we probably would have scratched out another run or two that would have meant the ball game," Frey says. "I might try to convince myself that maybe George would have had a bad two weeks if he'd been with us instead of being hurt. But I know that's not very darn likely, because this is a man who consistently gives his best day in and day out. There are no alibis and no excuses from him. There are some fellows who are outstanding players who go out and work at the game. They grind it out. George is like some kid in a schoolyard."

Stretched beneath a dying sun on the dock, Brett does not look like a human dynamo, a stretcher of doubles, a slugger of clutch homers, a wooer of Midwestern beauties. He looks like a Southern California kid bugging some rays. Actually, he is thinking about the cattle ranch he wants to own someday.

"Remember Mike Battle?" he inquires dreamily. "Used to play for the Jets. He's from El Segundo. Hung out with my brother, John. He's got a big ranch now in the Texas Panhandle. I go down there a lot. You can't even see the house of his closest neighbor. He got me interested in ranching. And Tony Adams? Used to play quarterback for the Chiefs. He's got a beautiful ranch with Dave Owen in Kansas. He's a professional cat roper. I go down to his place and help him out. I enjoy that kind of hard work. Now, the way it is, I ask myself what I've accomplished over the winter and I have to say, nothing. What did I do? I played some golf with my brothers in California and I went hunting. I need something more." He smiles. "Trouble is, I'd need a wife to help me run a ranch." He frowns. "But I don't see how you can love someone if you don't love yourself."

What's that? George Brett doesn't love

himself? "Some days I hate myself," he says, rising from the chaise. "Like when I go 0 for 4." He pulls himself upright and limps off to the golf cart. The sun is setting. The evening, with all its promise, is ahead. And soon, very soon, there will be ball games to be played.

He is back in the Bronco again, rolling toward a restaurant in the Plaza section of Kansas City called the Granfalloon. This is one of those spots frequented by the city's singles crowd, of which George is virtually a charter member. Kansas City's singles seem appreciably younger than the nocturnal carnivores of, say, New York or San Francisco, where silver threads among the gold are not uncommon. It is likely that in K.C. no one stays single or swinging for very long. Brett is known by everyone in the Granfalloon. His arrival is cause for a sort of celebration. They are honored by his presence. He is tying into some chicken wings, a bacon-pineapple Swissburger and a succession of beers when a very young-looking woman disengages herself from the bar and approaches him.

"You're George Brett, aren't you?" she inquires

"Right. Who're you?"

"I'm Judy. I wonder if you'd sign an autograph for my kids."

"Your kids? You look like a kid yourself. What'd you do, get married at 12?"

"I was older than that. I'm divorced now. Actually, I'm 27."

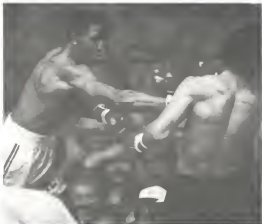
"You are? So am I. It's great, isn't it? Being 27."

"I've never had such a good time."

"Well, sit down then. Have some chicken wings."

On the television set behind the bar, the Royals are playing the Twins in Minnesota. Brett would give anything to be there with his team, but when you are 27, a bachelor and George Brett, there are compensations.

Brett returned to the lineup on July 10 and had two hits. The next day he had three. Then one, three, two, two and four. And so on. His batting average has rocketed from .350 to .385, the best in baseball. Since he has been back the Royals have won 17 of 24. Two weeks later, they signed him to a five-year contract at \$1 million a year and added \$250,000 to each of the two remaining years on his current contract. All things considered, they got a bargain.



Determined Hearns applied the pressure from the outset, stopping the champion with his right hand.

A Detroit tiger for sure



Another big right put Cuevas down in Round 2.

Thomas Hearns was burning bright in Motown, stopping Pipino Cuevas to win the WBA welterweight championship

Rafael Mendoza, the Mexican boxing promoter and author who had played Boswell to WBA welterweight champion Pipino Cuevas, was discussing a nagging dread last Saturday afternoon in a Detroit hotel room. In a few hours Cuevas would cross the street to the Joe Louis Arena and put his chin on the line against the thunderbolts thrown by undefeated Thomas Hearns. Mendoza said his feeling of anxiety stemmed not so much from the fists of Cuevas' unbeaten challenger, he accorded them a healthy respect. What he really feared, Mendoza said, was

Cuevas' temper and the trouble it could bring in a bout with a devastating fighter like Hearns.

Outside, the city was riding out the final lashings of a midday thunderstorm, which added further gloom to Mendoza's dark imaginings. He said, "Cuevas has a very big problem. When you hit him, he loses his head and he goes straight at you. He does two bad things, he loses his cool, and then he tries to knock you out. This makes him an easy target. Unless Cuevas can find a way to control himself, at least for the first three rounds, he will find himself in a very dangerous situation."

No one with good sense makes an easy target of himself against Hearns. In winning 28 fights he had scored 26 knockouts, 20 of them before the fourth round. Three of his last five KOs had come against former world champions, although admittedly all three were well past their prime. After losing to Hearns, each retired.

"Thomas doesn't do it with one big punch," explained Emanuel Steward, the young boxing genius who has turned Detroit into a staging area for future world champions. Besides Hearns, Steward also guides Hilmer Kenty, the WBA lightweight champion, and says he won't be surprised if he has four or five world champs within the next two years. "Knockouts don't always come from one punch. They come from a steady flow of punches. There may be a million guys, including Cuevas, who can punch harder than Thomas if you're just using a meter to rate the punch. But Thomas throws a lot and is very accurate."

It was the prospect of this barrage that had the Mexicans worried. They had no real reason to suspect Cuevas' chin, but then they had never exposed him to anyone with the power of a Hearns. With his wide-open, wide-in-style, Cuevas had been kept away from the division's big hitters.

"Do not worry," scoffed Cuevas before this, his 12th title defense. "I have never been off my feet." He had just become a father for the first time, and for that reason he wanted to win this fight more than any before. With a flickering

continued

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grim, which failed to uncover the diamond embedded in an upper front tooth, he spoke of a fight he had against Angel Espada in 1977. "Espada hit me so hard I thought he had broken my jaw," Cuevas said. Cuevas stayed on his feet and in the 12th round knocked out Espada. The jaw wasn't broken, but it was so badly bruised that for three weeks he had his meals through a straw. "No one can ever knock me down," he said, dismissing the subject.

Meanwhile, Steward was objecting to the appointment of Stanley Christodoulou, a fine referee from South Africa, but one with whom Hearn's manager once had a run-in at an amateur tournament in Yugoslavia. "He can protest all he wants," said Alberto Aleman of Panama, chairman of the WBA's officials' committee. "The president will name the officials and it doesn't matter

what anyone says." Steward should have saved his breath; officiating never was a factor Saturday.

Hearn is tall (6' 2 3/4") and will soon outgrow the welterweight division. In fact, the morning of the fight, a few hours before the noon weigh-in, he found he had outgrown the 147-pound limit by two pounds. He was turned off to a suburban health club, where an hour in the sauna got him down to 147.

"But I'm afraid he may have stayed in the sauna too long," said Quentin Hines, Hearn's closest friend. "He looks weak. Usually before a fight he's jumping all over the place. But he's just sitting calm and quiet. It's my fault. Last night while he was drying out, I gave him two plums to eat."

As it turned out, Cuevas was the one who should have been worried. The last thing he had done before going to the arena was visit his mother's room, where she had blessed him and said, "Get it over with as soon as possible."

In the dressing room, Manager Lupe Sanchez and Mendoza both impressed upon Cuevas the importance of controlling his terrible temper. "For three rounds all I want you to do is feint and move," Sanchez told him. "If he gets too close, grab him and hold; you're stronger. Stay cool."

Hearn came out smoking. It has become the definitive American way—the well-trained-kids-up-from-the-amateurs style. Pour it on from the opening bell. In the last few months it had won world titles for Kenty and junior featherweight Leo Randolph. Earlier in the day, in Cincinnati, it had won the world junior welterweight championship for Aaron Pryor. Now it was the turn of the 21-year-old from Detroit.

And it was a very different Hearn. The overanxiousness that had hindered him at times was gone. This was a mature Hearn with complete control of beautiful feints and flawless combinations. He set up Cuevas, who is 5 1/2" shorter, with

the hook, and then crushed over with the right. Twice in the first round he landed damaging punches, a hook and an overhand right.

And not once in the round did Cuevas lose his temper. "He hurt me twice," Cuevas told Sanchez in the corner, "but now I know I can take his punches. Soon I will do something."

"Not yet," Sanchez warned.

Hearn began the second round with a stinging combination, then fired two jabs and a right that slid off Cuevas' head. Next a hook hurt Cuevas. Stung, he jumped in and began firing with both hands. Then his temper really snapped. Later he would say it wasn't because he was being hit hard, but because he was missing.

"He couldn't even hit Hearn in the elbow, on the arms," Mendoza said. "If he had, he would have felt comfortable."

His coal-black eyes burning fiercely, Cuevas began to throw a savage hook, but his left foot slid away on him and Hearn smashed an overhand right to Cuevas' head. As Cuevas began to fall, Hearn hit him twice more.

Cuevas made it to his feet at the count of six. As he continued the count to eight, Christodoulou studied him. "His legs were shaking, but his neck was strong and firm," Christodoulou said later. "I was ready to let it go on, but one more good punch and I'd have stopped it."

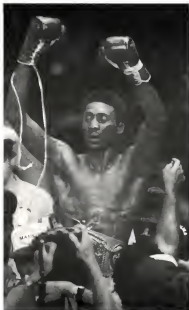
But Sanchez had seen enough. Leaping into the ring, he stopped the fight. "The life of one fighter is not worth 100 championships," he said later.

It was over at 2:39 of the second round. Thomas Hearn, the skinny lad who took up boxing because he was bored, had become the ninth U.S. citizen currently holding a world title. He had earned \$500,000 to Cuevas' \$1.5 million, but the real big-money fights are in Hearn's future—against the likes of Sugar Ray Leonard, Wilfred Benitez or WBC welterweight champion Roberto Duran. "I think Thomas will fight again in October or November," Steward said. "But I don't know yet about an opponent."

At the postfight press conference Cuevas looked Hearn in the eye. "You are a very good fighter and I have no excuses," he said in a strong voice. "I had 12 title defenses. I hope you will be as good a champion as I was."

"Thank you," said Hearn.

END



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A team in trouble

Ray Kroc set down his glass of Tab, fingered the plastic rims of his glasses and shrugged helplessly, grimacing. "I talk to myself in front of a mirror and I say, 'Are you glad you got into this baseball business?' Goddamn! I don't know. If my accountant is with me, he tells me, 'Yeah, it's good.' If he's not around, I say, 'It's the damndest exasperating business I've ever been into.'" As of last Sunday, with his San Diego Padres in fifth place in the National League West, 10½ games out, and 10 games below .500—and that's after an eight-game winning streak—the most exasperating business of all is this Dave Winfield business. Winfield is in the final year of a four-year, \$1.3 million contract and is threatening to enter the free agent re-entry draft in the fall. He's seeking a 10-year, \$13 million contract that would include, among other things, an annual cost-of-living increase tied to the consumer price index, and the right to approve any sale of the club. Negotiations continue, but the parties might as well be talking into mirrors.

"Cost of living?" the 77-year-old owner asks indignantly. "He wants a million three plus a cost of living? Plus a Cadillac, plus, plus, plus, plus... I don't want him here at any price. Not even at the price we're paying him. He can't hit with men on base. There have been a dozen times this year he's come up with men on base and he hasn't done a damn thing. A million three? Who's going to pay him? I'm not going to pay him. The customers aren't going to pay him. We had 11,000 here last night. I'm going to lose between \$2 and \$3 million this year. Let somebody else have him. I don't want him."

But the franchise, Ray, doesn't he mean anything to the franchise? "He doesn't mean a damn thing. No sir!"

San Diego still lacks an identity and a sense of direction, and with the star's status in doubt, the future remains bleak

Good grief! The Padres are in their 12th season, and if Winfield does opt for the re-entry draft—he's not saying—they will have returned about as close to square one as they can get. Winfield is not having as good a year as he had last season, when he finished with a .308 average, 34 homers, 118 RBIs—his current

marks are .285, 11 and 61—but the pressure has undoubtedly affected him. "If we lose Winfield, it's like an expansion club again," Catcher Gene Tenace says. "We've gone backward. Two years ago we won 84 games and finished fourth. Last year we finished in fifth. This year we're in last."

And going no place. Treadmills are for mice, not men, and Winfield feels he's been on one for most of his playing days in San Diego. "I've been here eight years and we've had eight different face-lifts of the team," he says. "I've had two different owners, three different general managers, five different managers. We're still trying to decide whether we want to go with youth, experience, free agents, a farm system or what. We've no identity or tradition. We've even had a different uniform every year."

After nearly 12 years of floundering and drift, the Padres are where they are today because they've never had a sensible plan to get them anywhere but. They've had as many rings as Barnum & Bailey, with sometimes three people cracking whips at the same time. For example, just a few weeks ago, G.M. Bob Fontaine was fired, not by Kroc himself, nor by his son-in-law, Padre President Ballard Smith, but by Joan Kroc, Ray's wife and a director of the club. She insisted on it. So who's in charge? Lord knows. Kroc rescued the franchise for San Diego in 1974, but his efforts to turn it into a winner have frequently led to chaos. He has spent \$10 million on free agents. Except for Relief Pitcher Rollie Fingers, though, most of it has been invested so dubiously that the Padres' mascot might serve the franchise better if it were an albatross instead of a chicken. One problem is that Kroc has ruled the franchise on impulse, making it a creature of his personal whim.



This man is Padre Manager Jerry Coleman. Why is this man among?

continued

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For instance, Dave Kingman wanted to sign a five-year contract in 1977. He not only liked it in San Diego, but he also had gate appeal: 11 home runs and 39 runs batted in through 56 games. But Kroc didn't want him around because he regarded Kingman's appearance as unkempt—"He was a slob!"—and didn't like it that he walked, not ran, to and from leftfield and the dugout. "I wanted somebody with spunk," Kroc says now. So King was going at the waiver price of \$20,000. Kroc's reasons for trading Centerfielder George Hendrick, now of St. Louis and the leading hitter in the National League, were equally whimsical. While Kroc never could abide Hendrick's refusals to talk to the press, he lost all patience when Hendrick failed to show up at a dinner honoring him. "Get rid of him," Kroc growled. Hendrick went to St. Louis for Pitcher Eric Rasmussen, who is 2-8 so far this season, with an ERA of 5.15.

But not all the Padres' problems trace to Kroc. In the years before he bought the team, the Padres worked on a skimpy player development budget. Buzze Bavasi, the G.M. in those formative years, once recalled that he could afford only \$4,000 to sign one young infielder who wanted \$6,000. Sorry. Name: Doug DeCinces. The Padres could have drafted George Brett, but didn't because they couldn't afford him. And they drafted, but couldn't sign, Warren Cromartie and Bump Wills.

If the Padres began with too little money to do what they wanted, under Kroc they have had more than enough but haven't seemed to know what to do with it. Nowhere was their folly more evident than in the case of free-agent Oscar Gamble. With the White Sox in 1977, Gamble hit 31 homers and had 83 RBIs. Kroc signed him for a staggering \$2.85 million: a \$150,000 bonus, \$200,000 a year for six years, then \$100,000 a year for 15 years, to 1998. The first problem they faced was what to do with him. Their outfield was set. Gene Richards in left, Hendrick in center, Winfield in right. They finally decided to put him in left, but that meant moving Richards to first, which created a second problem. Of Richards, Pitcher Bob Ojeda once moaned, "He can't pick up a ball until it stops rolling." The third problem, as it turned out, was poor Oscar. In a new role and a new league and in a ball park with 17-foot

walls, he had only seven home runs and 47 RBIs in 1978. The Padres finally traded him to Texas for Mike Hargrove, a lifetime .293 hitter who also fizzled in San Diego.

Last year the Padres indulged themselves again in the re-entry draft when they signed former Giant John Curtis (10-9, 4.17 ERA) to a five-year, \$1.75 million contract. He is 4-7 this year, with an ERA of 3.97. They also gave a five-year, \$2.1 million contract to Rick Wise, whose arm is 34 years old, following his 15-10 season (3.73 ERA) with Cleveland. Coming off an injury, he is 3-5 (ERA 3.52). To help close the wind tunnels at second and third, the Padres also picked up veterans Dave Cash and Aurelio Rodriguez. But Cash is playing as if in another world, making costly mental errors and hitting only .212. Third Baseman Rodriguez is hitting .200 with 26 strikeouts and 13 RBIs.

Presiding over this patchwork is former Yankee Second Baseman Jerry Coleman, who left the Padres' broadcast booth to manage for the first time in his life. Coleman didn't broadcast by the book. Some Colemanisms, in fact, are legend. For example, "Rollie Fingers is throwing up in the bullpen." This spring, on a cold day in Arizona, Coleman told his players, "O.K., gang, I want you to warm up real good because it's stuff out there."

Coleman isn't in an enviable place for a rookie manager. He is leading a 12-year-old franchise with no one in the minors who can help right now and with troubles on the field and at the plate. (The team batting average of .248 is 11th in the league.) With Winfield apparently on his way out, the situation doesn't promise to get easier. And Coleman's not the only rookie. Ballard Smith, 34, took over as club president last year, bringing to the job all his experience as a district attorney in Pennsylvania. "I'm just asking for a chance," he says. "I've got a handle on the direction we should be going in. Player development's the way to do it. I don't think we're going into the re-entry draft this fall. I think we're smarter to spend that money in other areas."

Kroc, too, is looking to the future with optimism. He has this dream. "We'll get a new general manager," the former free-spender says. "And he'll fill up the farm clubs. And we'll be like ... the Baltimore Orioles!"

THE WEEK

(July 27-Aug. 2)
by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST For the Dodgers (5-1), the question hasn't been "Who's on first?" but "Who's in center?" Rookie Rudy Law, who started the season in centerfield like a young Ty Cobb, has fuzed of late. Derrell Thomas, Gary Thomasson and Rick Monday have all been found wanting, too. So rookie Pedro Guerrero, a 24-year-old former outfielder who became a first baseman after he fractured his right ankle in 1977, was given a shot. After Guerrero homered and made a fine running catch in Jerry Reuss' 3-0 shutout of Pittsburgh, Manager Tom LaVarda erupted. "The new Willie Mays was born today." As a minor-leaguer, Guerrero batted .333 last season and .337 in 1978. In 102 at bats as a Dodger he is hitting .333. Los Angeles, which fell 3½ games behind Houston on Monday, finished the week half a game in front. Steve Garvey's .417 batting contributed to the surge. So did a 2-1 victory over St. Louis in which Bob Forsch, who had given up just four homers in 142½ innings, was taken down by Jay Johnstone in the ninth and by Joe Ferguson in the 10th.

Although beset by problems on and off the field, the Padres (5-0) perked up as they got two saves and a win from Rollie Fingers. Fifth-place Atlanta (1-5) avoided being caught by San Diego only because Doyle Alexander defeated New York 6-3. The Astros (2-4) had a hard time keeping their minds off J.R. Richard (SCORECARD), who needed surgery to remove a life-threatening blood clot. Cesar Cedeño had three hits, as did Pitcher Joe Niekro, in a 6-3 win over Montreal and tripled in the 10th to beat Philadelphia 3-2.

Even though Tom Seaver was still sidelined and Frank Pastore (10-5) went on the disabled list with an injured finger, the big trouble for the Reds (3-4) wasn't pitching. Opponents scored barely three runs a game, but Cincy hitters failed to capitalize largely because they stranded 27 runners in a three-game stretch. The Reds continued their hex on Philadelphia's Steve Carlton, however, beating him 2-0 behind Mike LaCoss with runs that scored on an infield single and a broken-bat hit. That left Carlton with a 9-17 career mark against Cincinnati.

For the Giants (3-3), Greg Minton yielded only one hit in 6½ innings of relief while earning two saves, and Larry Hemdon got eight RBIs on just four hits. Newcomer Joe Pettini had four hits and Jack Clark slugged his 31st home run to defeat Chicago 8-5.

LA 51-46 HOUS 56-46 CIN 54-50
SF 51-52 ATL 46-56 SD 45-57

NL EAST Unexpectedly sharp in his first two starts of the season, Pitcher Fred Norman helped the Expos (5-2) regain first place. The Norman conquests were 5-4 over Cincinnati and 5-1 over Atlanta, as he gave up just three earned runs in 16 innings. In 36 previous relief appearances he had a dismal 4.91 ERA. Bill Guttickson, who stopped the Reds 4-1, and Scott Sanderson, a 4-1 winner over the Braves, both had 10 strikeouts. Andre Dawson hit 462 and Tony Bernazard singled in the ninth to defeat Cincinnati 2-1.

With Dave Parker's ailing knee and Bill Robinson's stretched Achilles tendon relegating them to the bench, Pittsburgh (2-3) went 20 innings without a run and fell to second. The Pirates' only two homers were swatted by Ed Ott during a 6-4 win in L.A.

Greg Luzinski's absence because of knee surgery—he'll be out for nearly a month—didn't hurt the Phillies (4-2). Taking over The Bull in leftfield, Lonn Smith homered, stole three bases, scored eight runs and hit .320. Garry Maddox had nine RBIs, five as Steve Carlton coasted past Atlanta for his 16th triumph. Tug McGraw earned three saves, one on behalf of rookie Bob Walk. In a 3-1 win over Cincinnati, Walk threw 89 pitches and had 15 three-ball counts in the first four innings.

St. Louis and Chicago (both 1-5) stumbled. The Cardinals' John Fuldhamer, who hadn't pitched in 52 days because of arm trouble, changed to a more overhand motion and blanked the Giants 4-0. It took Jerry Martinez's 17th homer and Bruce Sutter's 22nd save for the Cubs to beat San Francisco 5-3.

Pat Zachry's second shutout in a row, a 2-0 four-hitter against the Braves, kept the Mets (4-2) in the chase. So did 5-4 and 5-3 victories over the Astros, who blew 4-0 and 3-1 leads. Steve Henderson's three-run punch homer, New York's first four-bagger in 10 games, knotted the first game at 4-4, and Frank Tanzer, who hit .444, drove in the tiebreaker in the eighth.

MONT 56-44 PIT 56-45 PHIL 53-47
NY 50-51 STL 45-57 CHI 40-56

AL EAST Baltimore fans talked of the return of "Orioles Magic," and the players warned the front-running Yankees they would make a race of it. As the Orioles (3-1) intensified the chase, John Lowenstein had two homers: a bad-hop double in the 12th downed the Brewers 5-4 and a single in the eighth beat the Twins 3-2. Only Steve Stone lost, ending his victory streak at 14 games.

The Brewers (3-5) also felt they were poised to make a run at New York (4-3), but lost three times to the Yankees before home crowds totaling 143,908. Reggie Jackson's two-out, three-run homer in the ninth tied

the opener at 6-6 and an error in the 10th made New York a 7-6 winner. A seven-run Yankee first inning the next night helped defeat the Brewers 9-4, and four Milwaukee errors scuttled the home team 5-1 in the third game. New York's Rick Cedeño, who had 10 RBIs, hit a three-run homer in the eighth in Minnesota and a bases-empty drive in the 10th for a 7-6 victory. Greg Nettles, though, was lost for four to six weeks with hepatitis.

Detroit (5-4) followed a four-game losing streak with four straight wins. Milt Wilcox won twice and Al Cowens, a .394 batter for the week, made Jack Morris a 1-0 victor over Seattle with a ninth-inning single.

Cleveland (3-1) had its eight-game victory string ended, but climbed into fifth. Ross Grimsley, with a couple of pitches clocked at 44 mph, baffled the Mariners 5-2.

Manager Don Zimmer's 2-year-old racehorse, Zimmer, won at a country fair, but his Red Sox (2-4) glommed along like Percherons despite the hitting of Dwight Evans (.429) and Dave Stapleton (.423). Bob Stanley twice hurled three runless innings of relief, saving a 1-0 victory over Texas for rookie Bob Ojeda with the second start.

For the second time this season, the Blue Jays (2-4) fought back from a 6-0 deficit to join the Angels, this time winning 9-8. Prospects also seemed dim for Jesse Jefferson when he barely had time to warm up for the Mariners because he had attended a Sunday clubhouse chapel service. Nonetheless, Jefferson did a hallelujah job and won 5-0 with a two-hitter.

NY 65-37 BAL 57-44 DET 56-44 MIL 44-46
CLE 49-48 BOS 51-50 TOR 44-56

AL WEST Chicken Little would have said the sky was falling, but opposing pitchers knew it was just another barrage of hits by the Royals (5-1). George Brett batted .500, Willie Wilson .519 and Darrell Porter .524. But they were all out-distanced by Hal McRae's .593 and nine RBIs. Altogether, the Royals hit a remarkable 388 and lifted their season average to .292. If they can stay there, it will be the highest mark since the 1950 Red Sox batted .302. But Kansas City did not live by his alone. Five double plays helped Larry Gura defeat New York 8-0. The Royals thus concluded their season's series against the Yankees with eight wins in 12 games, with a 90-56 edge in runs and with a .334 to .245 superiority in batting. "I've got four pitches and I can throw them in nine locations," Gura said early in the season. "Plus, I've got eight guys out there to help me. A hitter has 1/3 of a second to make a decision. Technically, there's no reason the other team should get hits. But they do." These hits, however, have been few and usually far between. A 4-3 triumph over Chicago gave Gura a 15-4 record and a league-leading 2.07 ERA.

Despite smiling by 12½ lengths, the A's are "thinking and talking about going all the way." Pitcher Rick Langford said. Langford enabled Oakland (5-1) to bump Texas out of second place with his sixth straight victory, an 11-1 banger over Toronto in which Wayne Gross had two homers and four RBIs. Speeding up his curveball so that "it's hard to distinguish from my slider" has helped Langford considerably. He retired the first 18 Blue Jays in order, finished with a two-hitter, got 16 outs on grounders and threw only 37 pitches, 61 of them strikes. The A's had three other well-pitched games. Matt Keough beat Detroit 4-0, Mike Norris stopped Toronto 5-3, and Brian Kingman and three relievers held off Cleveland 2-1.

During his nine seasons in the league, Buddy Bell of the Rangers (3-41) has hit Red Sox pitching at a .337 pace, 60 points higher than

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BAKE McBRIDE: "I've never had a streak like this," said the Phillies outfielder, "not even in stockball." His 14-for-23, .609 speed produced 11 runs and raised his average to .317. In a 9-6 win over Houston he was 5 for 5.

his career average. Last week Bell tipped Boston hurlers again during a 7-5 Texas triumph, going 5 for 5 and raising his season's average against them to .460. Al Oliver was less selective, he bopped pitchers from three clubs as he hit .567.

"Batters know where I'm going to throw the ball, but they don't know the speed," said Geoff Zahn of the Twins (3-3) after beating the Yankees 3-2. A day after Zahn's changes of speed had handcuffed the Yankees, Jerry Koosman kept them off stride by mixing slow curves with changeups and more fastballs than usual. Koosman, who didn't allow a hit over the last 7½ innings, finished with a three-hitter and a 2-1 victory.

Despite being outlast 11-5 by the Rangers, the White Sox (2-4) won 3-2 as Steve Trout and Mike Proby strangled 11 runners.

The bedeviled Angels (4-2) came within a few percentage points of escaping last place. Two home runs and six RBIs by Bobby Grich backed up the shutout pitching of Freddie Martinez and Andy Hasler as California downed Detroit 7-0. And longtime Reliever Dave LaRoche, making his ninth start in 11 years, defeated Toronto 5-4 on five hits.

"I'll keep my sanity, but I don't know how," Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson said. The Mariners (0-7) drove Johnson up a wall, being out-hit .308 to .181 and getting only four extra-base hits while opponents had 12 doubles, three triples and eight home runs.

KC 64-39 OAK 52-52 TEX 50-52 MINN 47-56
CHI 45-57 SEA 39-64 CAL 38-63

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Sverige of Sweden, *Lionheart* of England, *France 3* of France and *Australa* from Down Under. For seven weeks, on days of dismal fog and days of bluebird weather, these 12-meter beauties have been working together, dancing hand in hand through the seas off Newport. This week the music stopped, and the dancers started scrapping to determine which will meet the U.S. for the America's Cup in mid-September.

All four countries have been involved in the impossible dream before. This is Sweden's second try for the Cup. In the modern era of 12-meter boats, it is England's third attempt, France's fourth and Australia's sixth. Some of the mainsails and jibs on the four prospective challengers do not look good; some of their spinners look godawful. For all that, they are an impressive lot. None of the hulls is a dud; none of the skippers is naive enough to believe he has a decisive edge.

The foreign competition should be the closest yet, and as a consequence the eventual winner should be the best ever to challenge the U.S.

Still, it is doubtful that the Cup is in danger, for the U.S. defense effort has also been intense. Before the foreign racing began this week, the three prospective American defenders, *Freedom*, *Clipper* and *Courageous*, had sailed 47 races in the Preliminary and Observation Trials, only two fewer than the contending boats sailed in the entire summer of 1977. The results have been lopsided. *Freedom*, a boat that has been hard at it for more than a year, finished the two sets of trials with 32 wins and three losses. *Clipper*, the bargain-basement beauty that did not go into the water until last April, won nine and lost 24. *Courageous*, the two-time defender, busted her mast on the fifth day of the July trials, and ended up with a 6-20 record.

Although the other boats often gain on *Freedom* on leeward legs, to windward and reaching she is fur and away the best on every discernible count: the action of her hull in both slick and sloppy water, the helmanship of her skipper, Dennis Conner, the work of the crew in jib changes, tacks, spinnaker sets and

drops. *Freedom* has the capacity to attack as well as defend.

Ted Turner, who won the Cup as skipper of *Courageous* in 1977 but is losing badly now, has always had a hard time getting through any sort of campaign, be it a winning or losing one, on land or on sea, in business or in sport, without letting at least one imp out of a box. There are two biographies of Turner that explain 95% of him with candor and charm, but there is 5% of Ted that probably not even he understands. Three days before the U.S. July trials were to end, Turner asked an old friend, Ben Lexcen, to race on *Courageous* and counsel him on spar problems. Who is Ben Lexcen? He is a brainy sconeclast, a laughing boy, a gentleman who is not impressed with his own many achievements. He does not wear his yacht-club burgee on his neckties. He is, in brief, one of those rare mortals who help decongest the ordinarily stuffy America's Cup scene. Lexcen also happens to be the co-designer and tactician of *Australa*. Turner did ask the New York Yacht Club's America's Cup Committee for permission to have a 12th man aboard, but in his hasty phone call failed to say that the guest consultant on *Courageous* would be Australia's Lexcen.

Back in 1815, did Napoleon consult Wellington's engineers about the problem of the sunken road at Waterloo? Did the Greeks seek any Trojan's advice about how to build a wooden horse? Turner was certainly acquainted with the policies of the America's Cup Committee, notably that secrecy is an essential part of the effort. After the committee learned that Lexcen was aboard *Courageous*, it expelled Turner from the balance of the July trials—and justifiably so.

"I wasn't trying to hide anything," Turner says by way of explaining his gaffe. "I did it in front of God and everybody. Let's face it, if you're a doctor and you are sick, you call in another doctor. *Australa* is going to be the challenger, but we have nothing new. They've been watching us from 50 feet away in rubber boats. They're faster than they were last time, but the America's Cup is as safe as it could possibly be. We're also

continued



Ted Turner's hopes were badly bent, if not broken.

Like moths to the Cup flame

Again challengers flock to Newport, pursuing the elusive America's Cup

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Will Australia indeed be the challenger once again? If time and money were the only essentials, then for certain the winner of the foreign eliminations, and the Cup itself, would be France. If France should emerge as the challenger, it would be an honor well deserved and statistically overdue for Marcel Bich, the ballpoint-pen baron who has bankrolled the effort since 1970. In its first three attempts—in 1970, 1974 and 1977—the baron's team sailed in 20 foreign elimination races and lost them all. The attempts of Sir Thomas Lipton, the lovable old dispenser of tea bags and Gaelic charm, to win the Cup in five tries from 1899 to 1930 seem almost trifling compared to the effort of Baron Bich. At one time or another Bich has owned eight 12-meter boats of varying worth. Since 1970 he has probably spent more than \$7 million. His present campaign, which began about two years ago, has already used up more than \$2 million.

After shuffling skippers about to no avail in the 1970 foreign eliminations, the baron himself took the helm in the final race against Australia and sailed off the course lost in a fog. After excoriating the officials, he withdrew into his shell. Seven years later, when France almost beat Australia in one elimination race and Sweden in another, the baron was, if not as lovable as old Sir Tommy, at least approachable. This year he is back in his shell. His customary exchange with gentlemen of the press consists of two sentences: "I do not give interviews. See my son Bruno." On upwind legs in practice races this past month, the baron has been sharing the wheel with his appointed helmsman, Bruno Troublé, prompting one Australian to comment, "It looks as if the baron's back to his old habit of spitting in his own drink of whiskey."

The baron stands apart from his men, sartorially as well as socially. He goes to sea dressed head to foot in white, his crew are all in blue. "When we are ahead in a race, Mr. Bich is very nice," helmsman Troublé says. "He cleans my glasses and peels an orange for me. When we finish behind, I get my plane tickets for Paris ready. Are the men tired? Not the chiefs, but the Indians, they are very tired, bored. I tried to get from Mr. Bich some days off for them, but he is a machine for work and cannot understand."

The French do seem to be suffering from an acute deficiency of *esprit* gau-

lois. Although their smiles are hard to find, they have one very valid asset to sustain them: for the first time they have a hull worth sailing. *France 3* has a short keel that makes for difficult steering in heavy weather and tangled seas but keeps the boat quick and nimble in tacking duels. Most of *France 3*'s workouts this summer have been against *Sverige*. The Swedish boat has proved better in winds over 17 knots. In the medium range it has been a fairly even go, but in light air, which often prevails off Newport in late summer, *France 3* has been superior. The boats seem equal reaching, and *France 3* has had the edge downwind.

Bill Ficker, the Californian who defended the Cup in 1970, when *Intrepid* fought off *Gretel II* of Australia in one of the toughest series of all, sailed much of last summer aboard *France 3* and also on old *Intrepid*, which served as her trial horse. Since the mid-60s Ficker has been at the helm of about a dozen 12-meters and it is his gut feeling that *France 3* may be the best of the challengers. But a good hull alone does not a successful summer make. To win, one also needs a little *fraternité, égalité, férocité* and a damn good sailmaker.

Warren Jones, executive director of Australia's America's Cup effort, said recently, "I have a pet saying I keep repeating. 'Nobody will beat the Americans by copying them. Innovation will win the America's Cup.'" If innovation is the key to the vault, then the challenger this year will be *Sverige* or *Lionheart*. Pelle Petterson, designer and helmsman of *Sverige*, is the brainiest of the foreign skippers. On Puget Sound last September he won the world 6-meter championship in smashing fashion, sailing a boat called *Irene*, which he designed with a bump, or "clim," in her forefoot. *Irene* was a hellion upwind. This winter Petterson lopped the front 18 feet off *Sverige*, the same hull he campaigned three years ago, and reshaped her as best he could like his winning 6-meter. Will *Sverige* now prove to be a breakthrough hull like *Irene*? Probably not. What is right for a quick little lizard is not necessarily right for a ponderous dinosaur.

The Swedes are a sociable lot. If they have a fault as America's Cup men, it is a lack of hawkishness, a tendency to sail the course as if racing against a fleet rather than covering or attacking one rival. "Our teamwork, our tactics will be better this time," Petterson vows, "but I still

feel boat speed is most important. If you have speed, you have confidence. You know you can always beat the other guy, and if he seems slower at one time or another, you capitalize on it."

Although she is the most distinctive of the challengers in both hull and spars, England's *Lionheart* already seems old and down at the heels. Her gold waterline stripe and her black topsides are so scuffed and seamed that she looks as if she had crossed the Atlantic on her own bottom, battling a pod of barnacled whales all the way. *Lionheart*'s staunchest detractors say that her hull, though distinctive, is a step in the wrong direction and her super-bendy mast too radical a departure. Her mast can be bent six feet, and when she is romping over a sea with only a mainsail on, she looks somewhat like a giant Finn dandy crewed by Lilliputians. Despite the suspicions lodged against her (some with a tinge of envy), in workouts against her customary training mate, *Australia*, she has held her own, significantly doing well

continued



The baron in white is, indeed, a splendid sight



The Aussies passed up elbow bending at Newport bars to concentrate on more constructive exercises

in light air, where some thought she would not.

"There are many dinghy sailors in the English crew," Trouble of France 3 points out, "and you can never be sure of beating Englishmen who have been sailing around in small boats." Lionheart's helmsman, John Oakeley, has spent much of his lifetime in dinghies and small keel boats. He is an aggressive hawk who in the give-and-take of crowded fleet races has won his share of honors—and also protest flags.

Oakeley's first exposure to America's Cupping affected him not at all. He was invited to Newport three years ago to see Courageous defend against Australia. "Quite honestly, I went to sleep during one race. I was so bored," he says. "In England we have it in the press how exciting the America's Cup is, but in the first race the starting line was about a quarter-mile long. Australia started at the starboard end and America at the port end. While watching the race, I was listening to it on VHF radio, and the commentator said, 'Fantastic start. The most beautiful start in the history of the America's Cup, only one second between the two boats.' He failed to say there was a quarter mile between them. I have seen more exciting racing in club events. The America's Cup," Oakeley concludes, "is like English cricket: if you are taking part,

it's not bad; if you are merely watching, it's diabolical."

An America's Cup quest, with its tedious months of preparation, its days of crisis and its hours of doubt, is not compatible with the temperament of typical Australians, who prosper on spontaneity and slambang action. Still, the Aussies have been at it for nearly 20 years, their fervor undiminished. In the three previous eliminations to select a challenger, the Aussies have prevailed, and this year they will probably win again, by beating out Lionheart for the right to meet the U.S. Before Australia got into the act in 1962, in 17 previous challenges British and Canadian boats had sailed 54 races against the Yanks and won only five. On their first go at it, aboard a downwind beauty called Gretel, the Australians won one race and, except for a premature spinnaker drop, might have had another. This success was almost their undoing. By their second challenge, in 1967, the Cup fever in some of the Aussies was running so high it addled their senses. They saw spies in the shadows and grem-lins in the rigging. They were unnecessarily grim.

Today they still have the Cup affliction, but it is well contained. They know now how to be serious in purpose yet light in heart. Behind the desk occupied by Warren Jones at the wharfside office

of the Australian team, there are two statuettes of owls and a gilded replica of an eagle of heroic size. Above them a sign reads: "If you want to soar with the eagles in the morning, you can not boot with the owls all night." At the Candy Store, a Newport bistro largely given over to tourist yokels who thrill at the idea of mixing with the America's Cup men who have come from afar, in the '70s it was often hard to spill a beer without dampening an Australian. Today at the Candy Store—or "Kiddies Delicatessen," as it is derisively called by some America's Cuppers—the celebrity seekers still abound, but the celebrated Aussies being sought are hard to find.

Both Jim Hardy, skipper of Australia, and Ben Lexcen have known the best and the worst of Cup quests. In 1974 Hardy was at the helm of Lexcen's first 12-meter design, Southern Cross, when she lost four straight to Courageous—three times by wide margins. Four years earlier, at the helm of Gretel II, Hardy won one race against the defender Intrepid and finished decisively first in another, only to lose it because of a starting-line foul. Such was the quality of Gretel II that in some conditions the U.S. skipper, Fickler, was reluctant to engage her in a tacking duel and was able to pull out one race only by applying loose cover to his rival and playing the wind shifts. At the thought of what might have been, Hardy merely shrugs. "Let's put it this way," he says. "Based on my record, it is safe to say I can guarantee you at least second place in the America's Cup anytime."

In 1977 Lexcen's second 12-meter, Australia, also lost four straight to Courageous, but never by embarrassing margins. As redesigned by him for the present attempt, Australia is better still. Her sails and spars are better, her crew eternally willing. For all that, Lexcen is not dazzled by the prospect of victory. "If Australia won the Cup," he says, "who around the world would notice? If the entire continent of Australia sank into the sea, it probably would not make the newspapers in Little Rock, Arkansas. I spent four years in Europe. I looked in the papers for news of my own country. The only thing I remember reading was that some Australian had broken the world spaghetti-eating record."

The Aussies are still moths to the flame, but too wise now ever to be badly burned, or foolishly consumed by the importance of the affair.



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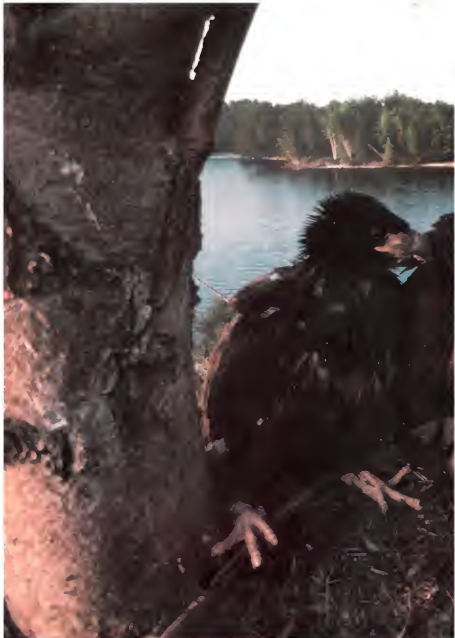
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A photograph of a bald eagle chick in a nest. The chick is dark brown with a lighter, yellowish-orange beak and is looking towards the camera. It is perched on a branch, with a dense forest of green trees in the background. The title 'THE EAGLE IS BANDED' is overlaid in large, bold, white letters.

THE EAGLE IS BANDED

These bald eaglets in a treetop nest in Michigan wear aluminum I.D. bracelets thanks to a pair of naturalists—a valorous climber and a dedicated biologist—who are very concerned about our national bird

by **JIM DOHERTY**

CONTINUED

On a muggy morning not long ago, a former park ranger from Cincinnati named Jack Holt slouched beneath a giant white pine tree in the wilds of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, methodically coiling 150 feet of thick manila rope on the ground. Pale, unshaven and a little bleary-eyed, Holt didn't much resemble the all-American backpacker such a splendid setting required. On the contrary, the burly 6-footer looked more like a middle-aged bouncer nursing a hangover. He ignored the mosquitoes swarming over his bare arms, but every now and then he glanced at the sky and scowled. The wind was picking up.

Earlier, Holt had been motorboating across a gently ruffled lake with four companions when biologist Sergey Postupalsky waved at the dispersing storm clouds. "Look at the blue, Jack," he shouted. Holt was in no mood for small talk. "I'm not interested in blue," he snarled. "I'm interested in wind."

Holt's interest was understandable. His first assignment that day was to band two young bald eagles nesting atop one of the most formidable trees on the peninsula. In a dead calm the climb would be intimidating; in 40-mph gusts, it would be ridiculous. But now Holt stoically buckled on his battered W.H. Buckingholm climbing irons, checked the tools attached to his belt, snapped on his homemade "eagle stick" and fidgeted while Postupalsky administered a final burst of mosquito repellent across the back of his faded green T shirt. Then Holt proceeded to assay the task.

The designated nest was a swaying platform of sticks 10 feet across, several feet thick and 115 feet above the ground. The trunk of the tree was 11 feet around at the base, too thick to girdle with a rope, so Holt started up a nearby maple instead. There are other birdmen in the U.S. who scale tall trees, but unlike most of them, Jack Holt doesn't use a rope ladder, a safety belt, a safety line or a hel-



EAGLE BANDING

continued

John B. Holt, 40, and Sergey Postupalsky, 45, have been banding eagles together since 1967. When they started out, Postupalsky was already something of an eagle expert, having begun his Michigan studies several years earlier. A resourceful field man and meticulous scientist, he required a climber for his banding work because he couldn't even stand on a step-ladder without getting dizzy. Holt was

an expert climber with plenty of experience banding owls and hawks, but he didn't know much about eagles or the towering trees in which they nest.

"He made such a fuss about the wind his first time up," Postupalsky recalls, "I knew right away I was going to have to find another climber." But Holt stayed up there long enough to band the birds, managed to descend without incident,

then inquired blandly, "Well, where's the next tree?"

The two have been taking their spectacular act from one tree to the next ever since, hiking and boating and driving over thousands of wild miles in upper and lower Michigan, battling mosquitoes, flies, engine trouble, bad weather, nasty swamps, rugged roads and, once in a while, each other. For seven or eight weeks from late May to early July, working from dawn until dark, they submit to a cruel regimen of cold wieners, warm beer, inelegant accommodations, fatigue and, in Holt's case, the very real possibility of a serious accident. All of this to fasten, each year, aluminum bands on the legs of five or six dozen young eagles, few of whom survive to maturity.

The point is to learn a few facts about a creature that is more familiar to most Americans than any other bird except the English sparrow. Over the years the bald eagle has been enlisted to help merchandise everything from tires and tobacco to NASA's first moon landing and at least one professional football team. Despite this visibility, the eagle isn't very well known in a scientific sense. Thus, Postupalsky looks for answers to some very basic questions. How long do bald eagles live? What do they eat besides fish? Where do the ones that migrate go? How well is the species reproducing? It's slow

continued



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EAGLE BANDING

continued

work because nothing is usually learned about a banded eagle until it dies, and not even then unless its numbered band is returned to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which tells Postupalsky where it was found, when and under what circumstances. So far, only about 70 bands out of 750 have been recovered.

Nevertheless, Postupalsky is confident enough in his findings to refute some common misconceptions about the bald eagle. For one thing, the bird isn't strictly a fish eater, as many believe. It's an omnivorous predator that goes after anything it can handle, including ducks, snakes, rabbits and other small mammals, not to mention northern pike and muskellunge. The eagle is also a scavenger that feeds on everything from deer entrails left by hunters to road kills.

With its remarkable eyesight, great size and tremendous range, the bald eagle is an efficient hunter, but it isn't in-

fallible. It misses its target from time to time, sometimes ending up in the water and having to swim ashore using its wings as oars. It also sometimes overestimates its own strength, killing creatures with its enormously powerful talons that it can't lift with its wings. Stories about eagles flying off with 20-pound lambs are greatly exaggerated. An eagle, which weighs around 15 pounds, can't fly for any distance carrying much more than half its own weight.

And despite their menacing reputation, eagles aren't aggressive toward people. Indeed, they not only won't attack, they won't even defend their nest and young against human harassment. If that harassment continues for any length of time, they may abandon the nest altogether. Some amateur naturalists interpret this as "cowardice," but that, Postupalsky emphasizes, is an anthropomorphic misreading. "It makes evolutionary

good sense for eagles to flee rather than fight," he says.

It's uncertain how long bald eagles live, but Postupalsky believes they can survive and continue to breed for at least 20 or 30 years. Because the mortality rate for young eagles is about 80%, one pair must produce 10 or 12 chicks just to replace themselves. Eagles don't necessarily have a brood every year. But because a breeding pair mates for life, the chances are good that they will be able to reproduce themselves—as long as nothing interferes with the breeding process. Unfortunately, there has been a great deal of interference lately.

Obviously, the most direct way to interfere is to shoot, poison, trap or otherwise destroy an eagle. This is illegal, but it's still being done and quite possibly on a scale larger than the two or three arrests every year in the U.S. indicate. But the main reasons why the bald eagle is

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in such big trouble today are habitat destruction and poisoning by pesticides—in the past, mainly DDT. Even now residual DDT in the fish it eats impairs the eagle's ability to reproduce. Once eagles nested by the thousands all across the lower 48 states. Today only about 1,200 breeding pairs are left, though more fly down for the winter from Canada, where they are still quite plentiful. The species is classified as endangered in most states and threatened in several, including Michigan, which presently has 80 to 90 breeding pairs.

A few years ago some experts were ready to write off the great raptor, but somehow it has managed to hang on. Postupalsky believes Michigan's eagles are at least holding their own. Two years ago Holt banded 86 eagles in 81 nests, a bumper crop. This year he banded 73 young birds of 79 that he spotted—not great, but good. Predictably, birds in remote areas are doing better than those near lakes with summer homes. "If we could just manage to leave the poor birds alone, chances are they'd do all right," Postupalsky says. "We've got to recognize that we can't keep building subdivisions on all of these lakes if we want to keep our eagles."

Considering the nature of their work, it might be logical to conclude that Postupalsky and Holt are driven into the wilds each summer by a passionate desire to do good. That's part of it, but it's not the whole story. "All of that conservation note-taking doesn't matter a damn," Holt insists. "I'm not doing this because it's important. I'm doing it because it's fun." Postupalsky, who is accustomed to such heresies from his partner, insists that the "note-taking" matters very much indeed. It's quite likely, however, that if eagles suddenly became as numerous as crows, he would still be out looking for them every summer. The work agrees with him. "Any country that's good enough for eagles and loons is good enough for me," Postupalsky says.

They call themselves "gaboons," a

term coined years ago by two Wisconsin ornithologists, Fred and Fran Hamerstrom, to describe graduate students and other lowly apprentices who perform menial research chores. The word has a certain apellike connotation that seems especially appropriate to Holt and his treetop activities. It also lends itself to various other usages. Thus, Postupalsky's battered green van is a "gaboombobile,"



The adult bald eagle may look warlike, but it's really a dove

idle banter becomes "gaboonaage" and the ultimate punishment for carelessness on the job is "gaboombicide."

Postupalsky holds the rank of chief gagoon and Holt is vice-gagoon. The last two summers the first assistant gagoon has been David Powell, a sardonic young man from New Jersey who spent half his time banding raptors in various parts of the country and the other half earning enough money to indulge in his hobby. Another gagoon was Kent Christopher, a freckle-faced graduate of Michigan Tech who drove around with a gos-

hawk in the back of his pickup truck and a frisky English setter in the front.

They're hardly run-of-the-mill bird watchers, these gaboons, but they're fairly typical of raptor nuts, a bizarre substratum of society devoted to the preservation, pursuit and enjoyment of birds of prey. Members of this cult knock about the continent following accipiters, buteos, falcons and owls from their northern breeding ranges to their more southerly wintering grounds, and they gather at such raptor hot spots as Point Pelee in Canada, Hawk Mountain in Pennsylvania and Cape May in New Jersey. Some are generalists; others favor a particular bird. There are goshawk fanciers, eagle maniacs and GHO (great horned owl) addicts. The ultimate act of devotion is banding, which entails not only climbing trees to reach young birds but also live-trapping mature birds.

Holt was to this vagabond manner born. He has been following birds around since he started watching barn swallows as a boy on a farm in Massachusetts. He graduated to a fascination with hawks and eventually wandered out to Ohio, where he was astonished at the density of raptors in the Cincinnati area. There he hired on as a park ranger, a job that allowed him full latitude to pursue his banding activities. Holt quit when he was required to work nights. Unlike the owls he so much admires, he cannot sleep during the day. Untaunted but well-read, Holt probably has as much field experience with raptors as anyone else alive. He is also an accomplished beer drinker and is always on the lookout for an ice machine when the gaboons arrive in a new town. He is single.

Postupalsky is from Detroit, where he worked as a draftsman for 10 years before switching over to birding full time. Divorced, he lives in Madison, where he does graduate work at the University of Wisconsin's respected Wildlife Ecology Department. He supports his eagle and osprey research in a precarious fashion, piecing together relatively small grants

continued

EAGLE BANDING

continued

and contracts from conservation groups, private sources, the state of Michigan and other government agencies. Twice each spring Postupalsky checks Michigan's eagle nests in a small plane to map out which pairs have produced young birds. Then, starting a couple of months before the eaglets fledge, he and his fellow gaboons begin their arduous trek.

Eagle banding didn't start with Postupalsky and Holt. It was done on a limited basis in Michigan by private individuals back in the 1920s. During the 1940s and '50s, a retired banker named Charles L. Broley used a rope ladder to reach and band young eagles in the Florida Everglades. It was Broley who helped blow the whistle on DDT when he detected a devastating drop-off in eagle reproduction. In the 1960s U.S. Wildlife biologist John Mathiesen and climber Jack Stewart kept an eye on the 100 or so eagle nests in Minnesota's Chippewa National Forest, and Chuck Sindelar of the Department of Natural Resources is banding eagles in northern Wisconsin today. Furthermore, the National Wildlife Federation has been keeping track of eagles in the Chesapeake Bay area for years, and it recently began a midwinter bald

eagle survey of the entire U.S. No one, though, has developed better data on bald eagles in as large an area over a longer period of time than Postupalsky.

During their years together, Postupalsky and Holt have had more than their share of what they wryly refer to as "fiascoes." They have been lost, marooned, stuck in the mud and stuck in the sand. They have spent countless hours looking for "jumpers"—young eagles that panic and jump out of the nest when Holt arrives. These must be found and carried back up to the nest because adult eagles can't maneuver down into the cramped understory of the forest to feed them.

Early in their first banding season together, the pair got stuck in the woods and had to spend the night in Postupalsky's old Nash. Holt, who tends to be a little jumpy despite his phlegmatic demeanor, couldn't sleep. Postupalsky, who tends to be somewhat mercurial, was annoyed because each time he started to doze off, Holt would roll over or smash a mosquito against the car window or crawl out of the car and shut the door. Finally, Postupalsky could endure no more. Deep in the wilds of Michigan, he erupted. It was, Holt recalls, quite noisy.

"He almost committed gaboonside that night," he says.

Then there was the night Postupalsky was teamed with another gaboon (Holt was working elsewhere that day) and discovered an oil leak in their van engine. After taking an inventory of their meager resources—several cans of oil and some gum—Postupalsky decided to try to patch the leak with the gum. There was bubble gum, which seemed a little too thin in consistency, and there was ordinary gum, which was thicker and supposedly wouldn't fall off or burn up as fast. They made about 100 miles before the first stick of gum gave out. Postupalsky added more oil and asked the gaboon to chew some more gum. This time they only made 15 miles before the leak began again. More gum and oil. Only 10 miles. Postupalsky asked the gaboon what he was chewing. "Bubble gum," the gaboon replied. "Why bubble gum?" Postupalsky shouted. "I told you to chew the other gum." Explained the gaboon: "I did, but I swallowed it." That was the second night Postupalsky almost committed gaboonside.

Holt has had some notable fiascoes of his own. Once he violated his cardinal rule against drinking on the job and had a few beers for lunch. A short while later he was partway up a tree when he discovered the tree wasn't getting fatter. In fact, the tree wasn't getting fatter. Holt suddenly realized; he had let go of his climbing rope. He remembers thinking, "Oh, oh, I'm in big trouble." The next thing he knew, he was flat on his back on the ground, shaken but unharmed.

Cuts and scratches are a routine part of the banding season for Holt. One recent night in a rented cabin near Watersmeet, he held out his hands and displayed a gouge on the corner of his right palm where an eaglet bit him, a gash on the inside of his left wrist where a talon caught him and an ugly scrape on the inside of one wrist from rubbing against a tree when he slipped. But what bothers him most, aside from the wind, are his cuticles, which are ripped and torn from rasping against the rough bark of the pine trees when he flips his rope.

Holt has never been attacked by an adult eagle while banding. They often swoop within 20 yards of him, uttering shrill distress calls, but they don't make

continued



In the evening, Postupalsky studies the remains of an eagle's egg while Holt quaffs a brew

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EAGLE BANDING

continued

contact. Hawks are another matter. After a season of working with them, Holt's back is covered with scar tissue from "strafing runs" by outraged parents. The most aggressive birds of all, though, are great horned owls. "Being strafed by a great horned owl," Holt says, "is like being whacked on the head by a club."

Late one afternoon he was banding great horned owl chicks in an Ohio woodlot. He knew the mother was in the area but he was so preoccupied with the chicks, which were clacking their beaks and lashing out at him with their talons, that he forgot about her until all at once she delivered a terrific clout to the side of his head. When he got down, he noticed blood all over his jacket and, feeling his ear, he discovered the owl had ripped it to shreds. From then on he contrived to take gaboons with him to distract the adults whenever he worked on that nest. Years later, however, he came up short-handed and had to go in alone. "I just got up to the nest," he recalls, "and, wham! I got hit again. I know it was the same damned owl, and she probably told her old man that night, 'I know it was that same damned gagoon!'"

Whether it's the same owl in a particular nest or something as mundane as a shirt or a hat, Holt and Postupalsky treasure familiar objects, and they are conspicuously reluctant to throw anything away. Holt's frayed jeans have patches sewn on the patches. His yellow slicker is riddled with holes. So are Postupalsky's galoshes, rubbers and canvas shoes. Shaving one night, Postupalsky held up the worn stump of his shaving brush and a buttered soap cup. "See these? I've been using the same brush for 18 years. It's the only one I ever owned." Not to be outdone, Holt quickly fetched his razor, a vintage Gillette safety model with a brass handle and a copper head. It was still in the original case. "This was my father's," he announced proudly.

Such fragility derives as much from need as from sentiment. There is no money to be made in bird banding and eagle research. But there are other compensations. The gaboons were crossing a Michigan lake earlier this summer when they spotted seven young eagles. "It's good to see this," Postupalsky exclaimed. "Here are the future breeders of the spe-

cies. And I'll bet you five bucks, Jack, that they're all banded." Holt, squinting up at those marvelous birds and knowing that once he had clung to the sides of their nests and held them in his hands, didn't take the bet.

The morning broke clear and calm—ideal conditions for climbing the dead tree Holt had been fretting about the day before. The men quickly loaded their gear into the van and hit the road. Like most eagle nests, this one wasn't easy to reach: a half hour or so on state highways, then another 45 minutes on dusty backwoods roads, then down a winding, narrow, potholed lumber road and, finally, a short hike to a deserted cabin. A small boat was stashed there. The eagle tree was on a tiny island 200 yards off-shore.

As eagle trees go, this one wasn't that tall—perhaps 75 or 80 feet. But even from a distance it seemed forbidding. The bark and many of its branches had rotted off. Bleached white by the sun, it looked like an enormous skeleton wearing a crown of thorns. Protruding from the edge of that crown was the unmistakable dark head of a curious eagle.

"You couldn't pay me to climb that," first assistant Powell muttered. "Look at all the moss and lichen on it."

When Holt started up, his iron sank into the soft trunk with an ominous hollow sound. Powell shook his head. "How is it, Jack?" he called. "It's dead," Holt replied, with a touch of annoyance.

Gingerly, Holt tested each step and each branch. Still no wind. At the nest, which protruded far out over the tree, he hung for a long moment with his back parallel to the ground, straining to get past the lip. Once on top, he tied himself in, grabbed the eagle stick and went for the bird. A little while later there was a loud click when the rivet popped into the band, and that part of the job was done. Now for the descent. About halfway down, one of Holt's irons hit a soft spot, slipped, then grabbed and held. He paused, shaking his head, and then descended again, cursing softly the rest of the way down.

Back in the boat, Holt sat with his head in his hands for several long moments. Then, grinning, he turned to Postupalsky. "Well, chief," he said nonchalantly, "where's the next tree?"



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Yesterday

by JERRY D. LEWIS

BRAZILIAN ATHLETES PERKED UP THE 1932 GAMES WITH THEIR COFFEE CAPER

When Los Angeles hosted the 1932 Olympic Games, many nations were faced with a problem, namely money. Travel distances coupled with a worldwide depression made the cost of sending a team formidable. Entries were way down—only 1,500 athletes compared with 3,015 in the 1928 Amsterdam Games. Nonetheless, 37 countries managed to get their Olympians to California. Some coped by drastically trimming the size of their teams. China, with a population of 400 million, sent only its best sprinter, Cheng-Chun Liu. Haiti, Uruguay and Egypt also sent one-man teams. Colombia sent two representatives. Brazil had another idea, and if ingenuity had been an Olympic sport, the Brazilians would have gotten the gold—and maybe the silver and bronze, too.

Although Brazil was the fifth-largest nation in the world in area, it couldn't afford to send anyone to the Games. The wholesale price of Brazil's one cash crop, coffee, had fallen to 7¢ from 25¢ per pound and the country was in economic turmoil. Many disheartened coffee growers destroyed their crop rather than sell at a loss, while still others stored mountains of unsold beans in Rio warehouses to wait for higher prices.

Then a government official had an idea—load a ship with 50,000 pounds of coffee, have the Olympic team serve as crew and sell the cargo at ports between Rio and L.A. The team would get passage to California and use the profits from the sale of the coffee for expenses once there. Eureka, someone said in Portuguese. So several weeks before the July 30th opening ceremonies, the 69-member

Brazilian team (68 men and one woman—17-year-old swimmer Maria Lenk), the 50-piece National Brazilian Marine Band and 25 tons of coffee were loaded aboard the S.S. *Itaquice*. It made a number of stops at Brazilian ports north of Rio, but sales weren't encouraging, and at the first foreign port, Trinidad, no one wanted so much as a single bean. When the *Itaquice* reached the Panama Canal, the Brazilians were unable to pay the toll.

Because warships were allowed free passage, the captain pointed hopefully to the huge cannons that had been providently installed on the *Itaquice*'s stern before departure and tried to convince the Canal authorities that the *Itaquice* was indeed a warship. The ploy didn't work, and when the authorities stopped laughing, they refused to allow the ship through. In desperation the *Itaquice* radioed a distress call to the Banco do Bra-

sil, which dispatched a messenger who arrived with the cash a few days later. The ship steamed on, but stops at several Pacific ports en route to Los Angeles produced little revenue and on July 22, when the *Itaquice* reached San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, total cash on hand was \$24. Because the U.S. Immigration Service had a one-dollar head tax, only 24 athletes could go ashore; their 45 teammates would

be stranded on board if the tax weren't paid. The Brazilian consul in San Francisco was asked to bail them out. Yes, the consul had enough money; a courier was on his way. But before he reached Los Angeles, disaster struck. The Brazilian currency had been devalued, and where three milreis had been worth one U.S. dollar, eight were now required. Bye, bye bailout. Team spirit plunged to new lows.

Rather than abandon the Olympic effort, the coaches chose the 24 athletes they thought would have the best prospects, paid their head tax and sent them off to the Olympic Village. The remaining athletes decided to make one last effort to raise enough money to join the competition. They sailed the *Itaquice* toward San Francisco and Portland, hoping that the Pacific Northwest was thirsty for coffee. It wasn't, and the *Itaquice* was not seen in Los Angeles again until sometime after the closing ceremonies.

Meanwhile, on July 30, the 24 Brazilians marched into the Olympic Stadium among the 1,500 athletes in the Parade of Nations. Customarily, the Games had been opened by the head of the host government, but President Hoover was busy campaigning for reelection and felt he could not spare the time to attend. His stand-in, Vice-President Charles Curtis, stood before 100,000 spectators and proclaimed the Games open.

The Brazilians participated in track and field, swimming, water polo, rowing and shooting, but they should of stood in bed—or bunk. They won no medals and scored only one point, tallied when Lucio Almeida Prado de Castro finished sixth in the pole vault. (There is no official Olympic scoring, but unofficial scorekeepers in the press have traditionally awarded 10 points for a first, and 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 for second through sixth places. The U.S. thereby "won" the Games with 295½ points.)

But the Brazilians didn't go unnoticed. In a rough first-round water polo match against Germany, they were assessed foul after foul by the Hungarian referee. Bela Komjadi—fouls to which they objected vehemently. Because none of the Brazilians spoke Hungarian, and



continued

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YESTERDAY continued

Komjádi spoke no Portuguese, the team found a way to make certain the referee understood its true feelings. When the match ended 7-3 in favor of Germany, the Brazilians politely joined hands and gave a cheer for the winning team, then swam to the judge's stand, surrounded Komjádi, and started throwing haymakers as spectators swarmed out of the stands to join the fray. Komjádi, angered at allegations that he had been prejudiced against the coffee sellers in favor of the Germans, complained, "The Brazilians have no idea how to play water polo. They have no idea of the international regulations." Since the Germans, not the Brazilians, were Hungary's chief rival in water polo, the Olympic authorities sided with Komjádi and disqualified Brazil from further competition in the sport.

At the conclusion of the Games the Brazilians were bused back to the Ilheus, where they rejoined the stranded ones and then sailed for Rio. At the sight of Sugarloaf they cheered, little suspecting that for many, further nightmares lay ahead.

Brazil was in the midst of a revolution. Rail transportation between Rio and São Paulo had been halted, and 32 athletes from that city were marooned once again. They were invited to remain in a safe retreat in Rio, but voted to decline the offer. Instead, they found a friendly captain of a freighter leaving for São Sebastião Island, who gave them free passage.

Once on the island, they hitched a ride aboard a small boat to the city of São Sebastião. From there, everyone, including young Maria Lenk, proceeded on foot through the rugged mountains of the Serra do Mar. They hiked for eight hours, foraged for food, then spent the night in a deserted hill-side shack.

The next morning they marched higher up the mountainside until they found a compassionate truck driver. He gave them a lift to the town of Cacapava, where they were finally able to catch a train to São Paulo. The train was delayed by combat between the Brazilian army and the rebels, but eventually reached the city safely. And, although they didn't return victorious, the Brazilians had reason to be proud. As the Roman poet Propertius said, "In mighty enterprises, it is enough to have had the determination."

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But not often. One learns to be wary when the
drumstick is at stake. Then there's the other side of
the story...when you've waited all year for your
share of the good things, it's hard to wait a few
seconds more for the blessing.

The holidays are a joyous time. But when families
are together, any meal can be a feast. And in this year
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good times together. For love is a family affair.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MOSCOW OLYMPICS

Sir:
 I enjoyed the cover of your July 28 issue so much I must compliment photographer Rich Clarkson and, yes, even the Russians for displaying such beautiful pagentry.

ERIC REGENSBURGER
 Stony Brook, N.Y.

Sir:

I have supported the Olympic boycott from the start. However, over the past couple of weeks I have had a change of heart, and your article on the Olympics (*Only the Bears Were Baffled*, July 28) brought my feelings to a head. Now I believe we should have sent our athletes to Moscow and watched them beat the Soviets in front of the whole world.

ROBERT JOHNSON
 El Toro, Calif.

Sir:

Why did you pay homage to the "Soviet Games" with your cover picture of the opening ceremony? A secondary article would have sufficed and would have showed respect for our athletes who did what was asked of them and stayed home.

Your composition is underwhelming.
 MRS. GORDON L. BRUNELL
 Downers Grove, Ill.

Sir:

Considering the sacrifice of our athletes and of those in other countries who stood by us in the boycott, I could not bring myself to read—or even open—your July 28 issue.

PETER B. NOKSBET
 Vienna, Va.

Sir:

My wife's only comment on the opening ceremonies was "It's worse than the halftime show at the Orange Bowl game."

W. A. BANDLE
 Jennings, Mo.

BRITISH OPEN

Sir:
 Although I've never seen a British Open nor had the opportunity to visit beautiful Scotland, Dan Jenkins' lively account of Tom Watson's third Open triumph (*Elementary, At Least* Watson, July 28), this time at Muirfield, elegantly described this most difficult course, giving it a character to rival Pebble Beach.

It must be comforting to Watson to have a fine player like Lee Trevino remark, "I finished second to the greatest player in the world." Hooray for a uniquely splendid year for Watson!

NORM GAUTHIER
 Beverly, Mass.

Sir:

After his third British Open and fourth major championship in six years, I feel that golf's most dominant player finally deserves *Sports Illustrated's* greatest award, Tom Watson for Sportsman of the Year.

KEVIN HAWKINS
 Minneapolis

NOLL (CONT.)

Sir:

Your two-part article on the coaching philosophy of Chuck Noll of the Pittsburgh Steelers (*Man Not Myth*, July 21; *The Teacher*, July 28) should be required reading for every present and future coach in every sport in America. Noll's emphasis on teaching the fundamentals of the game and his willingness to leave the "spotlight" to the players should be a lesson for every man or woman who works with athletes.

I think it would be especially helpful to those egotistical coaches who believe that sports are for their personal benefit and glory. Unfortunately, those coaches, should they ever read the article, would probably not understand a word of it.

JACK STALLINGS
 President
 American Association of
 College Baseball Coaches
 Sisseton, Ga.

Sir:

Thanks for the insightful studies of Chuck Noll. As one of his former university professors, I scatched both articles for some reference to what I felt was Noll's dominant characteristic: he is a Christian gentleman. He was that rare student who I felt made an intelligent and meaningful contribution by his presence in the classroom.

BARTLETT C. LUGERS
 Memphis

Sir:

Although I've been a Steeler fan for many years, I've known next to nothing about Chuck Noll. Now it's easy to see that he's one of the reasons the Steelers are what they are—a super team with a super coach.

DAN DOTSON
 Boise, Idaho

Sir:

What a pleasure it was to read Paul Zimmerman's analysis of Chuck Noll. As a teacher, I especially enjoyed Noll's teaching methods and philosophy. In a world filled with George Allens, to whom winning is the only concern, it is gratifying to find a coach who cares not only for the player, but also for the person within.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Although I am not a Steeler fan, nor even a staunch pro football fan, I'll look forward to seeing Chuck Noll, the teacher, in action this season.

JAN M. REID
Wilmington, N.C.

Sir:

I would like to thank you for finally bringing Chuck Noll to the forefront. We are constantly being told what great coaches Don Shula, Tom Landry, etc. are, but I think it goes without saying that Noll is in a class by himself—if equaled, then only by Vince Lombardi. Thank you for giving credit where credit is undoubtedly due.

CHRIS ZENKER
Fairfield, Ohio

ULTRAMARATHONING

Sir:

As a two-time marathon runner, I read the article on running addiction (*Marching to Euphoria*, July 14) with great interest. I wonder if the story about a 24-hour race as a follow-up (*It's Seven O'Clock in the Morning*, July 28) was intended as the great cure for running addicts everywhere.

DENNIS J. SITLEA
Grosse Ile, Mich.

Sir:

James Shapiro has spun a tale of competitive running into a masterpiece. He has taken the ultramarathon and transformed what could have been a boring play-by-play (mile by mile?) account into an epic struggle of athletes forging new frontiers.

Shapiro has set a standard by which "running" literature can gauge itself, and I heartily welcome it.

DARREN S. BILLINGS
Orono, Maine

Sir:

I am really pleased to see more ink being given to my sport—long-distance running. The story by James Shapiro was terrific. I have known Jim since he started long-distance running for the Boston Athletic Association, and I was proud to read about his latest achievement. The run was a credit to Jim's training and self-sacrifice, but his well-written story proves he has much more going for him.

JOHN D. (JOCK) SEMPLE
Coach
Boston Athletic Association
Boston

Sir:

Having just read James E. Shapiro's article on the 24-hour run, I am overjoyed to see that, finally, the feelings of millions of marathoners and ultramarathoners have been put into an emotional and enjoyable story. I loved it when Shapiro wrote at the end, "The body claims its due."

FRED STETLER
President
Lake County Roadrunners
North Perry, Ohio

Sir:

When I finished my daily three-mile run at my usual eight-minutes-per-mile pace, I sat down to what I felt was a well-deserved rest and read James Shapiro's article.

But just reading the vivid description of his incredible accomplishment left me thoroughly exhausted and feeling totally inadequate as a runner. Although I admit that I could never comprehend the pain involved in running an ultramarathon, I felt every step of his ordeal.

MARK MANDEL
Worcester, Mass.

ADDITION (CONT.)

Sir:

Your recent article about running junkies somehow omitted the most obvious explanation.

As one who has run off and on for 25 or 30 years, I have yet to experience a "second wind," nor have I hit "the wall."

The only pleasure in running occurs when one stops.

H. JONES ROGERS
New Martinsville, W. Va.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Sir:

Thanks for your story on Mike Ivie (*He Has Georgia on His Mind*, July 28). Let's hope Jim Lefebvre's attitude doesn't run too much of a following. Having someone to listen to a problem has prevented many from falling over the edge. It's a long drop and a long trip back.

Hang in, Mike!

TOMMY O. LEE
Alexandria, Va.

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT

Sir:

While riding with my stum in the car one day I looked out the window and saw a go-kart with a hang glider on top of it. Well, I wondered and wondered what it was until your issue with the article on ultralights (*It's a Bird, It's a Plane, It's a ...* July 21). Thanks for explaining it to me.

MITCH PAIR
Norcross, Ga.

CARLETON ON CARLETON

Sir:

Thanks for putting Steve Carlton on the cover of your July 21 issue. Steve's my favorite pitcher even though he left the "s" out of his last name.

At the moment I'm winning a bet with a college fraternity brother—Tommy John—over which pitcher will win the most games this season. It would have been a three-way race but another friend—Jim Palmer—has already graduated.

STEVE CARLETON
Blount Ridge, La.

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